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ULTIMATE

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DEVIL'S DUE

ULTIMATE ELEKTRA

DEVIL'S DUE

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ISSUE 1

DEVIL'S DUE: PART 1

MARVEL PSR

CAREY
LARROCA
MIKI

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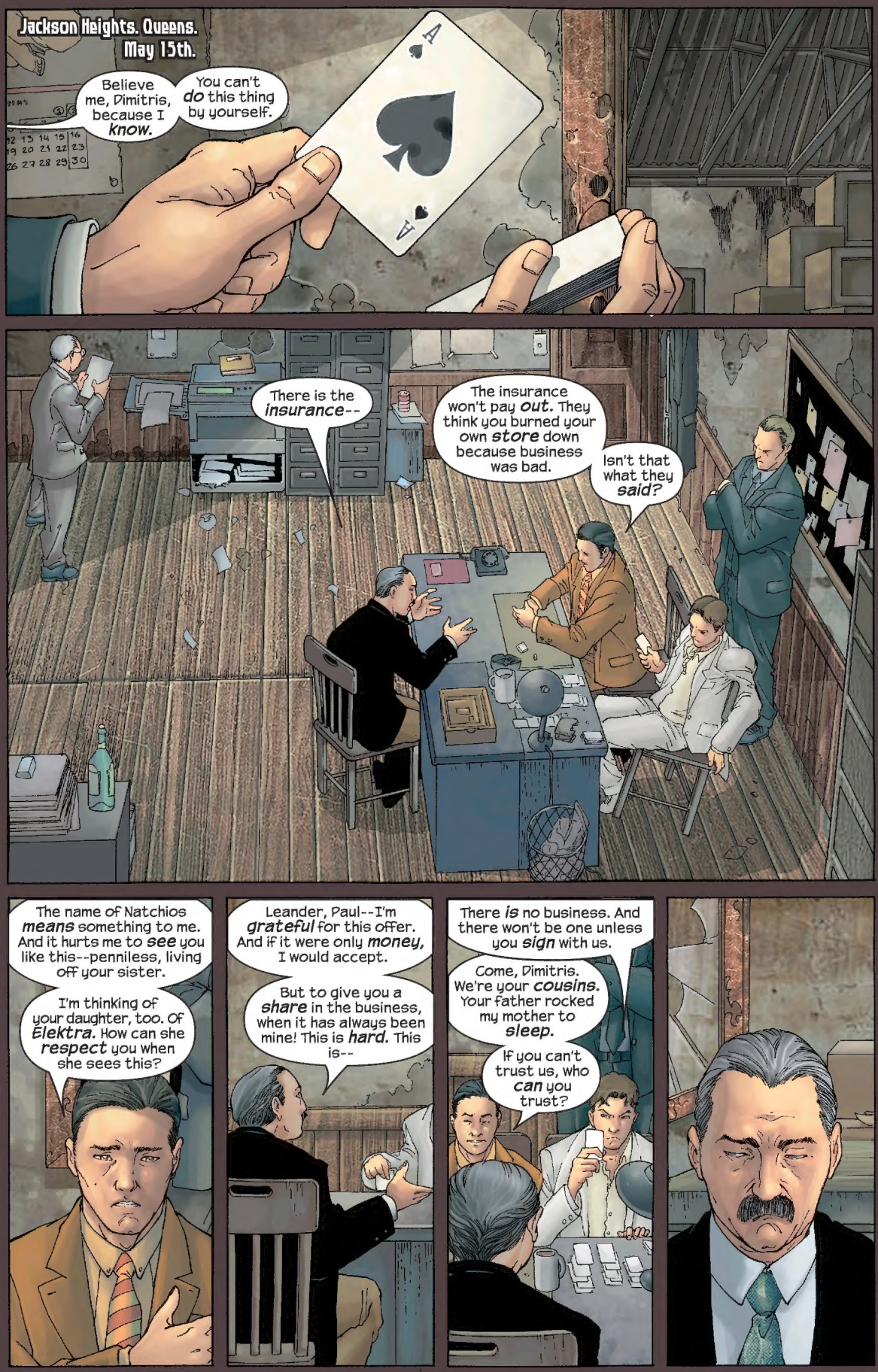
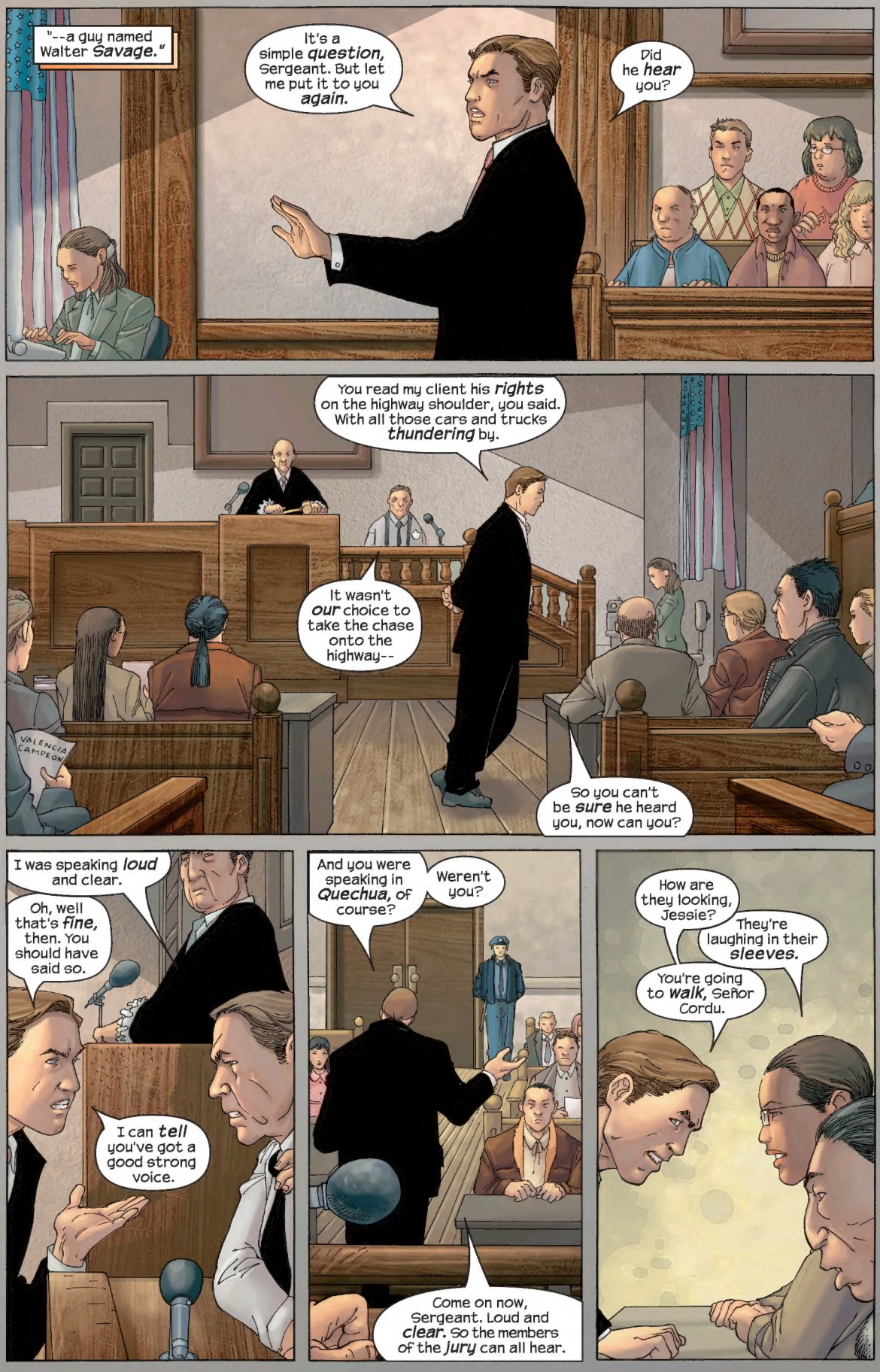
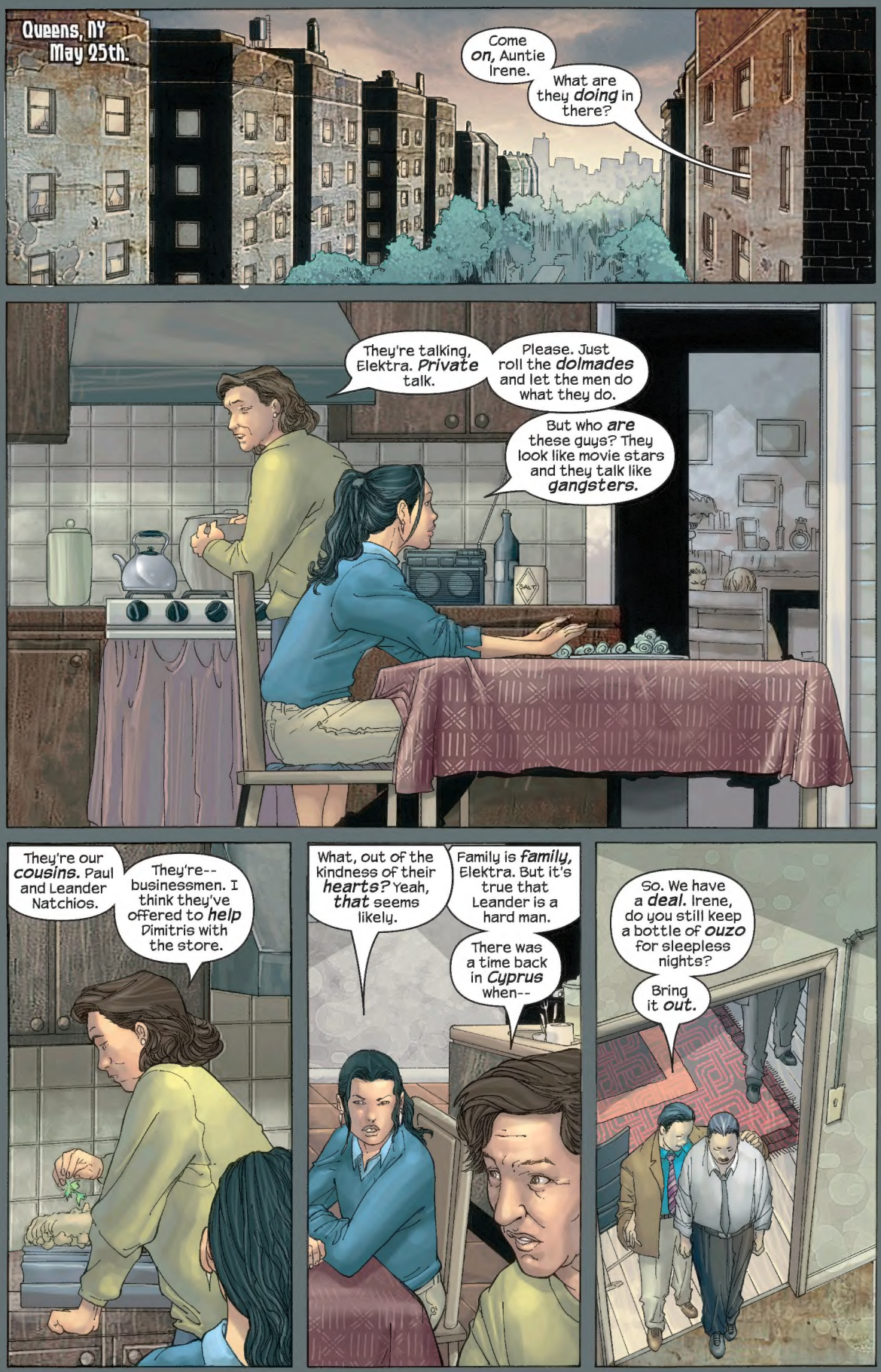

Jackson Heights. Queens.
May 15th.
Believe me, Dimitris, because I *know*.
You can't *do* this thing by yourself.
There is the *insurance*--
The insurance won't pay *out*. They think you burned your own *store* down because business was bad.
Isn't that what they *said*?
The name of Natchios *means* something to me. And it hurts me to *see* you like this--penniless, living off your sister.
I'm thinking of your daughter, too. Of *Elektra*. How can she *respect* you when she sees this?
Leander, Paul--I'm *grateful* for this offer. And if it were only *money*, I would accept.
But to give you a *share* in the business, when it has always been mine! This is *hard*. This is--
There *is* no business. And there won't be one unless you *sign* with us.
Come, Dimitris. We're your *cousins*. Your father rocked my mother to *sleep*.
If you can't trust us, who *can* you trust?

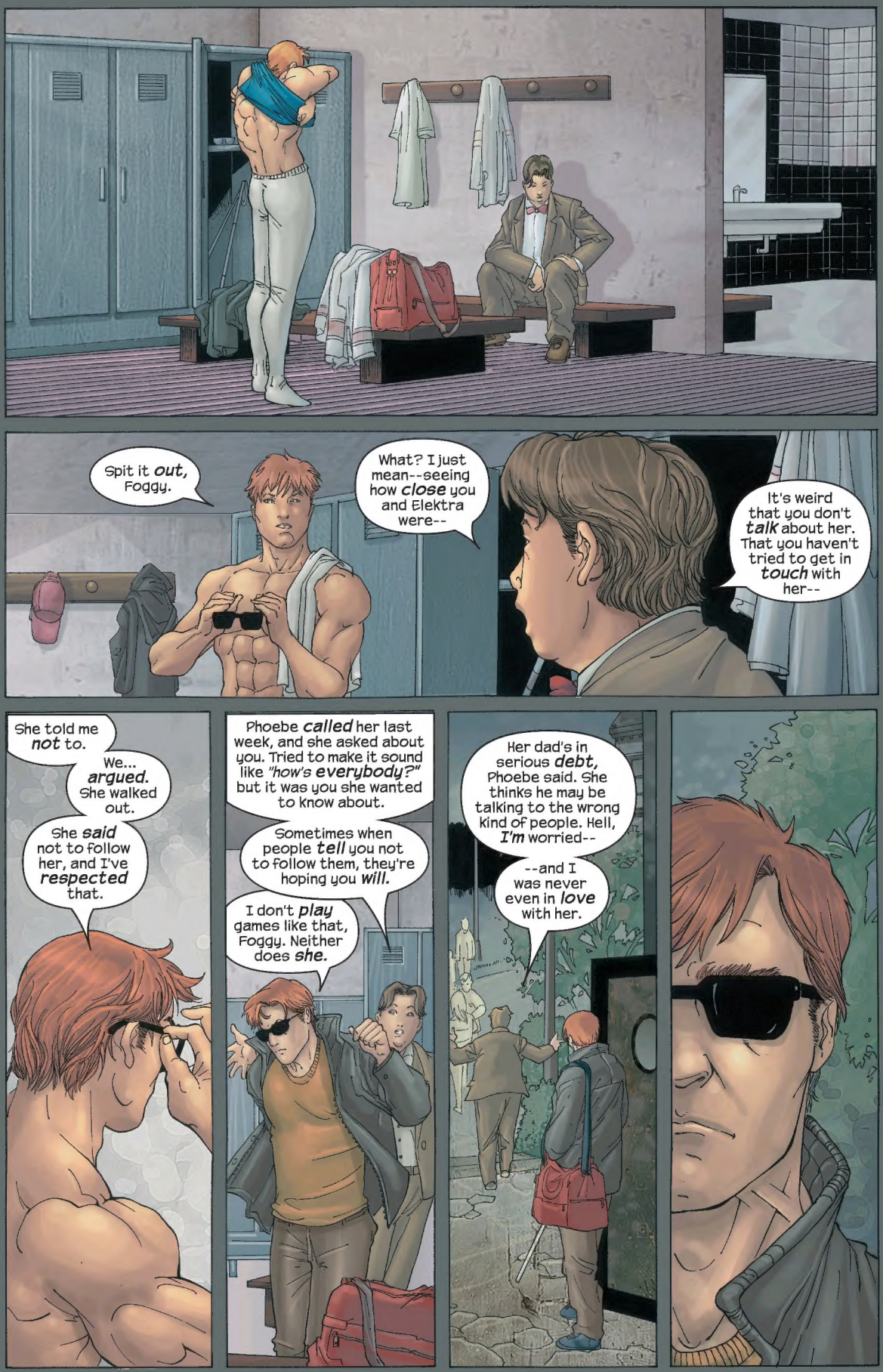
Columbia University, New York.
May 21st.
Hi, Phoebe. Hi, James.
Hi, Matt.
Uh--hey, Murdock.
Man, that freaks me out. What, is he trained to hunt by smell or something?
Lighten up, James. He heard us talking, is all.
Matt can hear a sparrow break wind at five hundred yards.
Matt! Hey, Matt!
Foggy. You made the torts class for once.
That's great.
Uh--no. I already bought last year's notes, remember?
I just wanted to show you this.
A letter. Embossed header reading E.S.L. Your internship.
Our internship. Ecker Summers and Lyall are taking both of us on.
Me in family, you in criminal. You'll be work-shadowing one of the partners--

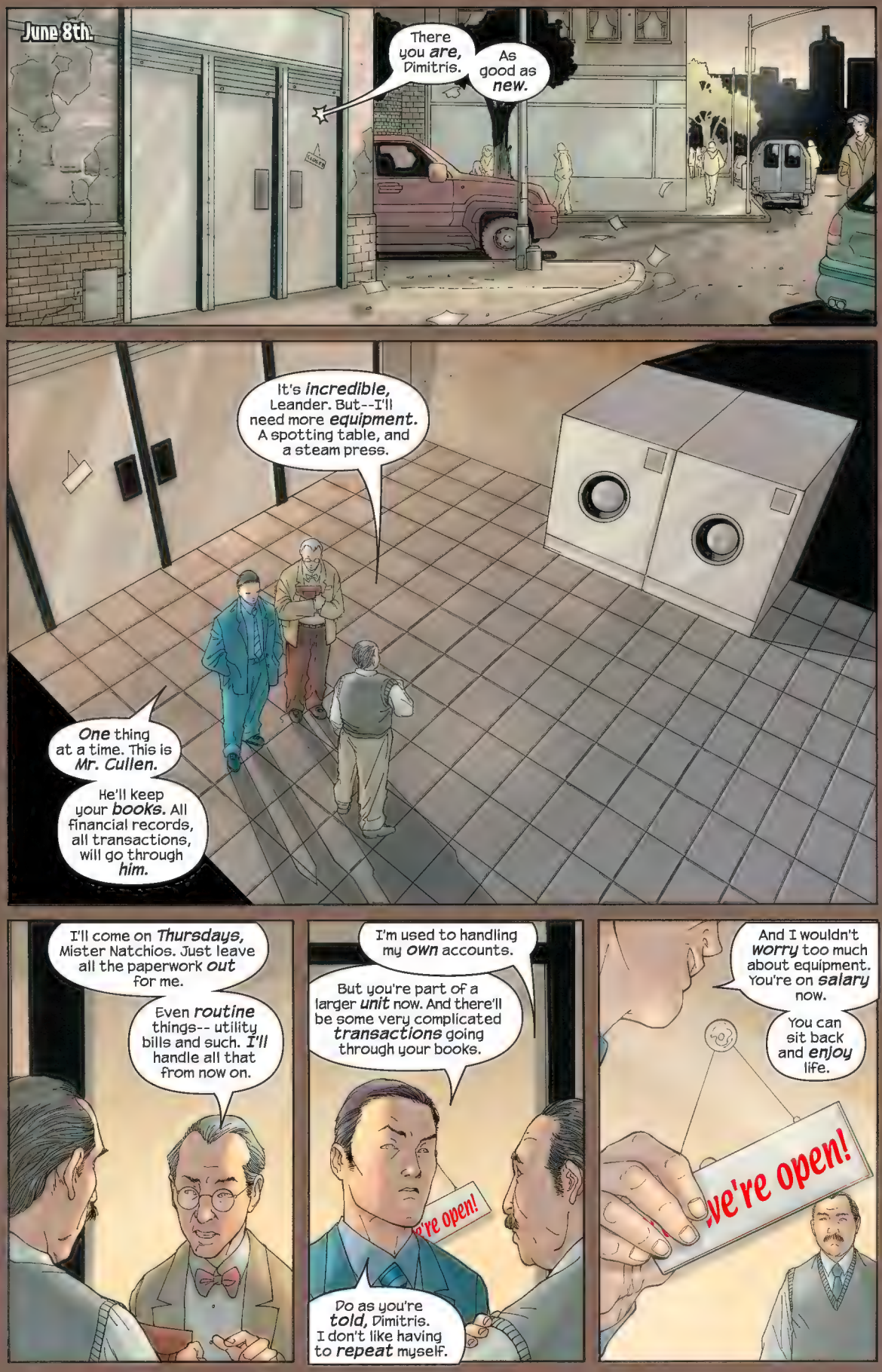

"--a guy named Walter Savage."
It's a simple question, Sergeant. But let me put it to you again.
Did he hear you?
You read my client his rights on the highway shoulder, you said. With all those cars and trucks thundering by.
It wasn't our choice to take the chase onto the highway--
So you can't be sure he heard you, now can you?
VALENCIA CAMPEON
I was speaking loud and clear.
Oh, well that's fine, then. You should have said so.
I can tell you've got a good strong voice.
And you were speaking in Quechua, of course?
Weren't you?
Come on now, Sergeant. Loud and clear. So the members of the jury can all hear.
How are they looking, Jessie?
They're laughing in their sleeves.
You're going to walk, Señor Cordu.


Queens, NY
May 25th.
Come on, Auntie Irene.
What are they doing in there?
They're talking, Elektra. Private talk.
Please. Just roll the dolmades and let the men do what they do.
But who are these guys? They look like movie stars and they talk like gangsters.
They're our cousins. Paul and Leander Natchios.
They're-- businessmen. I think they've offered to help Dimitris with the store.
What, out of the kindness of their hearts? Yeah, that seems likely.
Family is family, Elektra. But it's true that Leander is a hard man.
There was a time back in Cyprus when--
So. We have a deal. Irene, do you still keep a bottle of ouzo for sleepless nights?
Bring it out.

Living like this, Dimitris, it wasn't fair to anyone.
It isn't how a man would choose to live.
So. We'll drink to you becoming a man again.
And a partner in our enterprises.
And this is Elektra. Hah! She's grown up beautiful.
Also quiet. That's a rare gift in a woman.
So. Repairs on the store can begin tomorrow.
That's wonderful. And the repayment on the loan. I believe I can manage at least--
Hush! We won't talk about that tonight.
All in good time, cousin.
All in good time.

Go.
TEK
RECALL
00:00:00
MODE
Well?
Feh! Seven seconds.
You must have something weighing on your mind.
Or someone, maybe.
TEK


Spit it out, Foggy.
What? I just mean--seeing how close you and Elektra were--
It's weird that you don't talk about her. That you haven't tried to get in touch with her--
She told me not to.
We... argued. She walked out.
She said not to follow her, and I've respected that.
Phoebe called her last week, and she asked about you. Tried to make it sound like "how's everybody?" but it was you she wanted to know about.
Sometimes when people tell you not to follow them, they're hoping you will.
I don't play games like that, Foggy. Neither does she.
Her dad's in serious debt, Phoebe said. She thinks he may be talking to the wrong kind of people. Hell, I'm worried--
--and I was never even in love with her.


June 8th.
There you *are*, Dimitris.
As good as *new*.
It's *incredible*, Leander. But--I'll need more *equipment*. A spotting table, and a steam press.
One thing at a time. This is *Mr. Cullen*.
He'll keep your *books*. All financial records, all transactions, will go through *him*.
I'll come on *Thursdays*, Mister Natchios. Just leave all the paperwork *out* for me.
Even *routine* things-- utility bills and such. *I'll* handle all that from now on.
I'm used to handling my *own* accounts.
But you're part of a larger *unit* now. And there'll be some very complicated *transactions* going through your books.
Do as you're *told*, Dimitris. I don't like having to *repeat* myself.
And I wouldn't *worry* too much about equipment. You're on *salary* now.
You can sit back and *enjoy* life.
We're open!

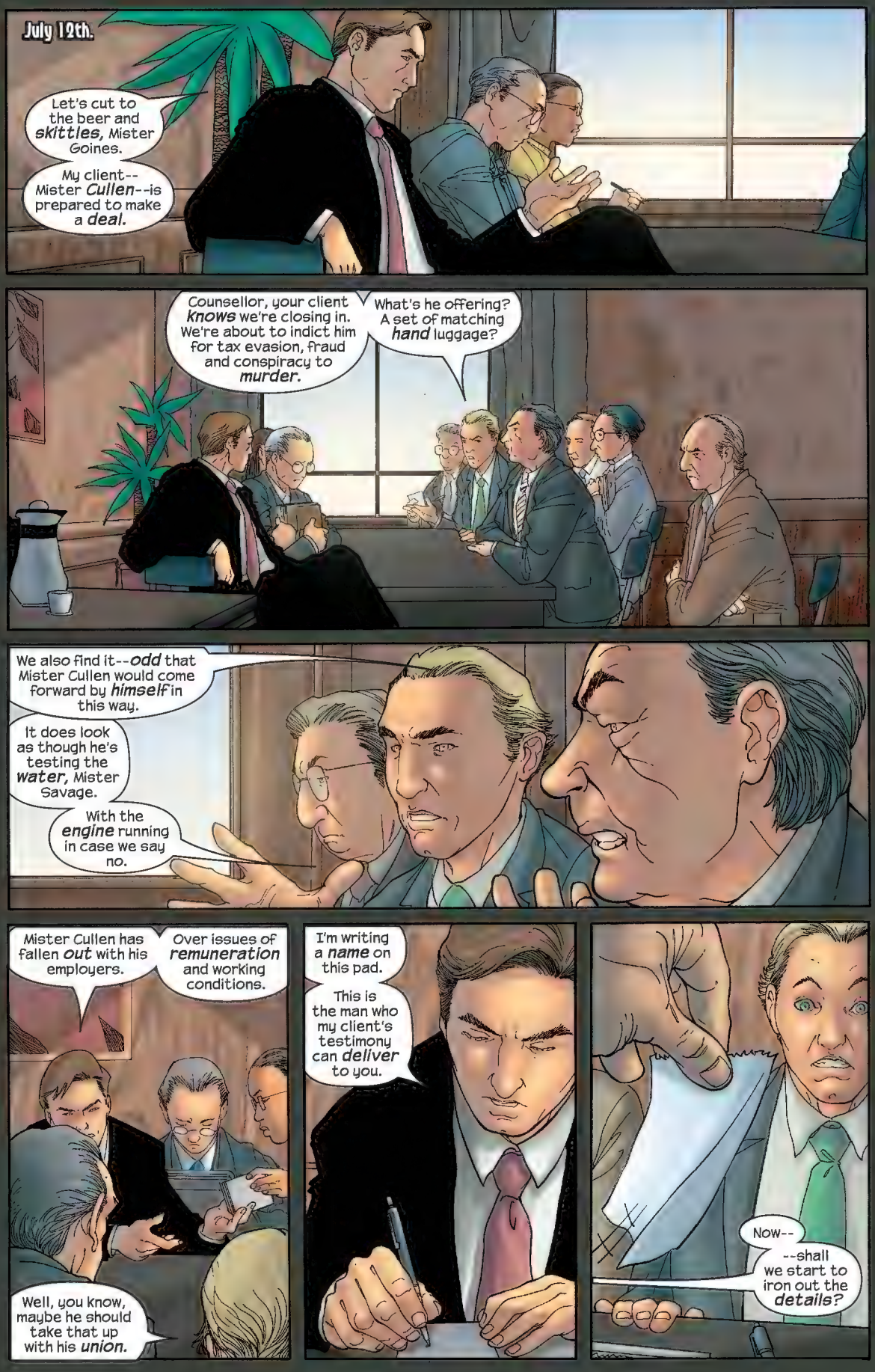
Well, just tell them no.
Tell them you've changed your mind.
Elektra, I can't. I've already accepted the loan.
Then give it back.
And their names. Their names are on the deed.
At least I'll have the money now for you to finish out your college.
And I'll be able to pay Irene back for all she's done for us.
I can work through college, Poppa!
But still-- we can't go on like this forever.
And I've committed myself.
Things will work out for the best.
They must.

June 17th.
Things have worked out wonderfully, sir. Perfectly.
Giacinto met your price. Half of the shipment is already in the warehouse, the rest comes in tomorrow.
The money? We can scrub it clean as we go.
We've got enough front operations now to swallow a million and a half a week.
No. No risk at all. You have my personal guarantee on that.
For signature.
I'm sorry, sir. A moment, please.
Are you insane? You know who I'm talking to?
If you interrupt me again I'll make you eat this phone. And your books afterwards.
So everything is under control at this end, sir.
Nothing escapes my eye. Nothing at all.

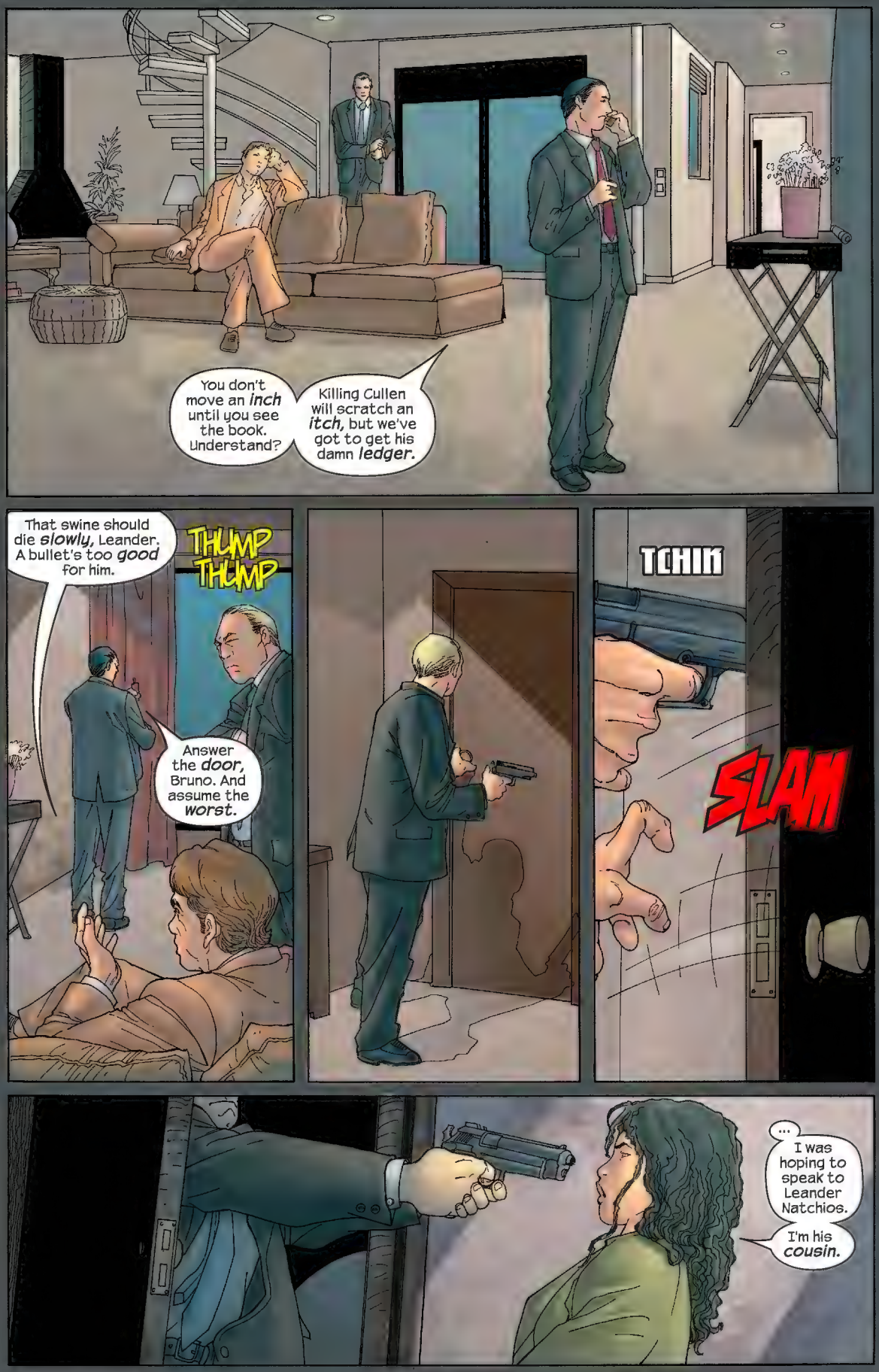
Elektra.

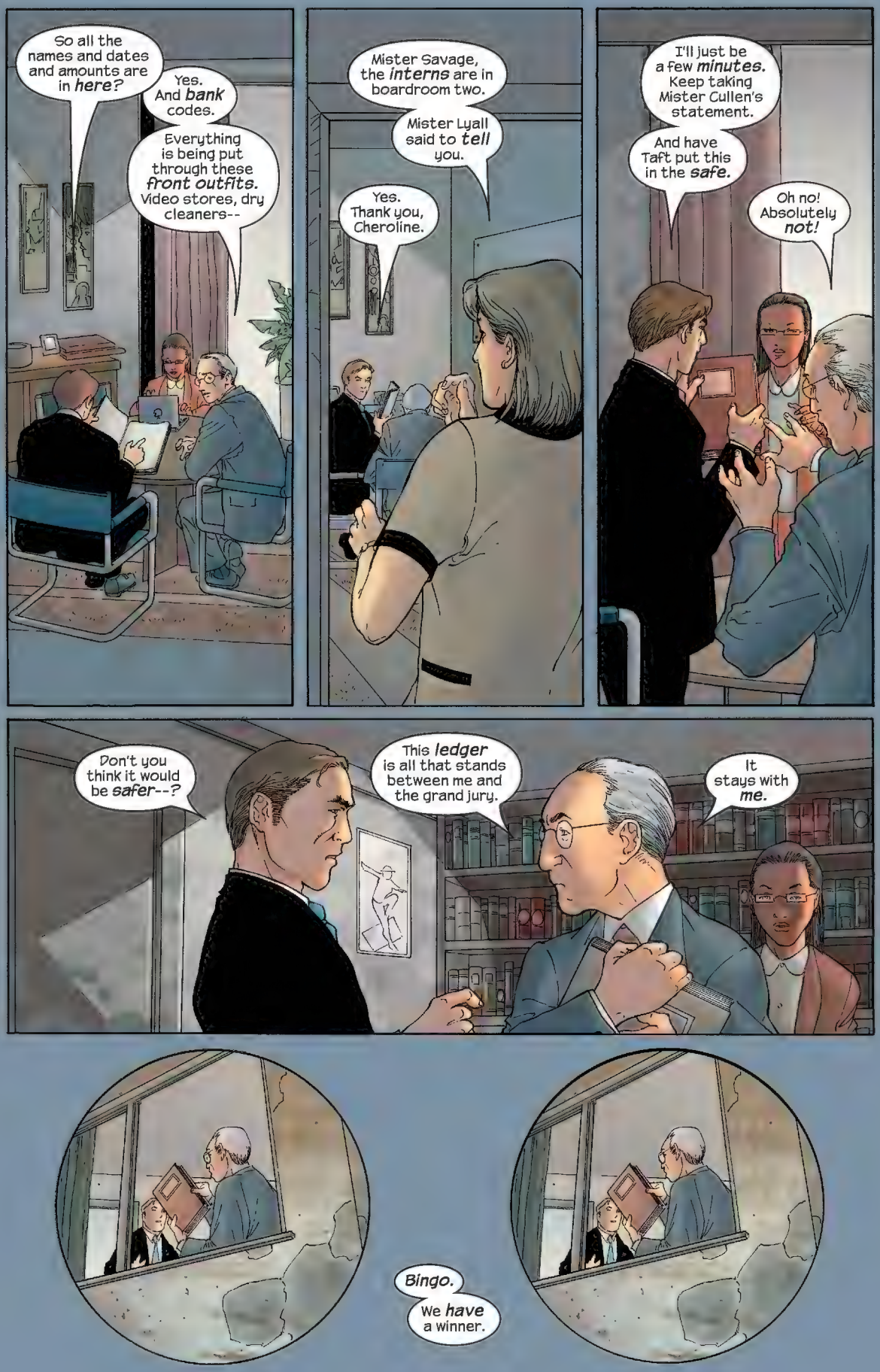
Still breaking and entering. That's going to get you into trouble some day.
I want to help you.
Did you hear me ask?
You've dropped all your classes. You've frozen out all your friends.
You just disemboweled a punching bag. That's a cry for help that--
--that even a blind man could see? Oh, nice line, Matt. "I'm vulnerable as well as sensitive."
But I know what you're like underneath all that.
I'm not going to fight you, Elektra.
Then you're going to get hurt.

I *meant* what I said.
If you need me, you know where to *find* me.


July 12th.
Let's cut to the beer and skittles, Mister Goines.
My client--Mister Cullen--is prepared to make a deal.
Counsellor, your client knows we're closing in. We're about to indict him for tax evasion, fraud and conspiracy to murder.
What's he offering? A set of matching hand luggage?
We also find it--odd that Mister Cullen would come forward by himself in this way.
It does look as though he's testing the water, Mister Savage.
With the engine running in case we say no.
Mister Cullen has fallen out with his employers.
Over issues of remuneration and working conditions.
Well, you know, maybe he should take that up with his union.
I'm writing a name on this pad.
This is the man who my client's testimony can deliver to you.
Now--
--shall we start to iron out the details?

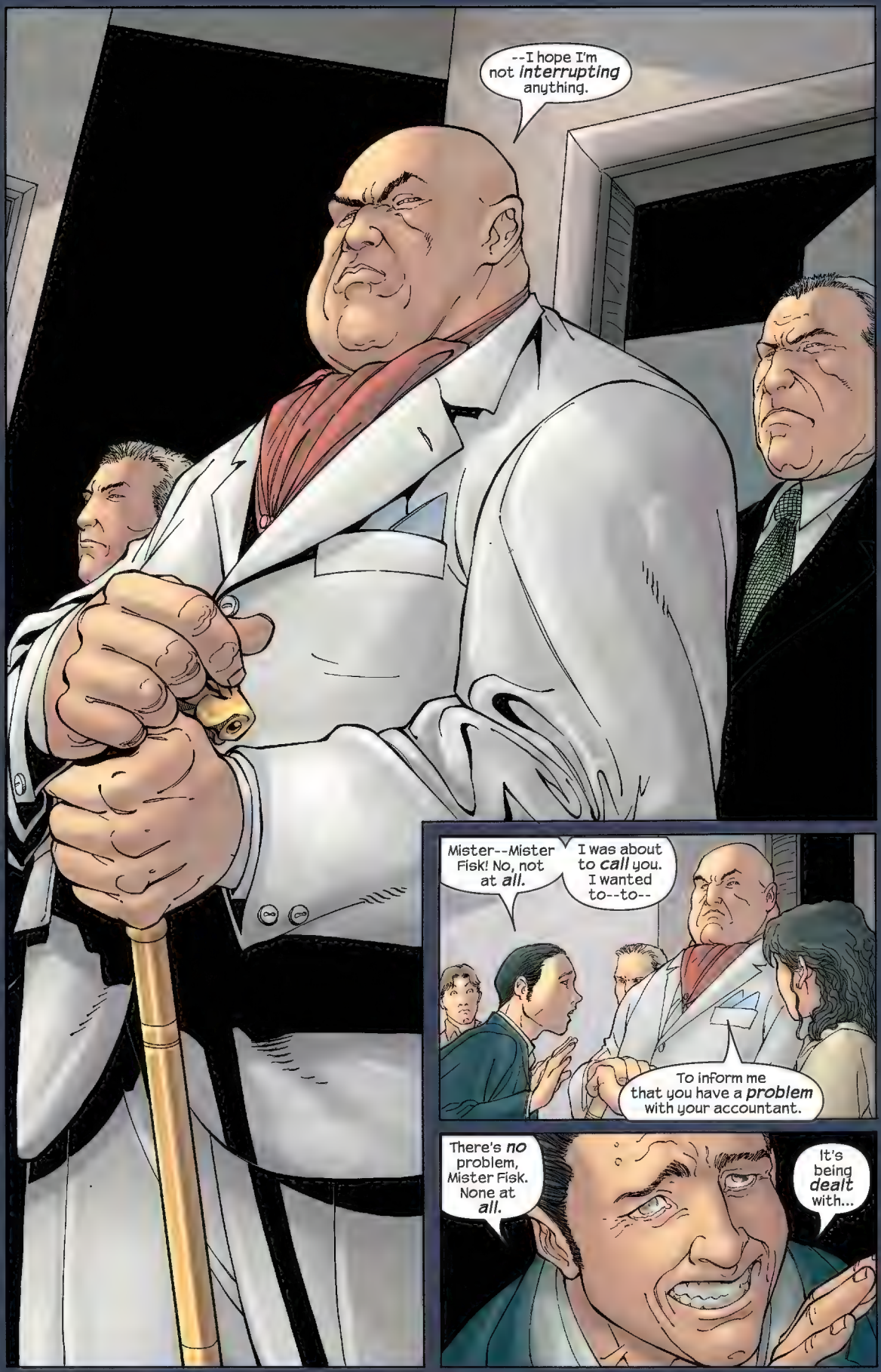
July 26th.
Umm-- Matthew Murdock and Franklin Nelson reporting for duty.
Ma'am.
You're on the intern program.
Right. Exactly right.
Well, welcome to Stalag Luft 17. For you the war is over.
Actually, you're going to have a fascinating time here.
ID badges and joining packs. Mister Murdock's is in braille.
If you go on up to the top floor, the partners have laid on some federally mandated pastries.
She was nice. She was really--
Pace yourself, Foggy.
We're here for six weeks.
I'm keeping my eye on the door, Mister N. We'll know if he goes anywhere.
Billy and Deacon are ready to rock.

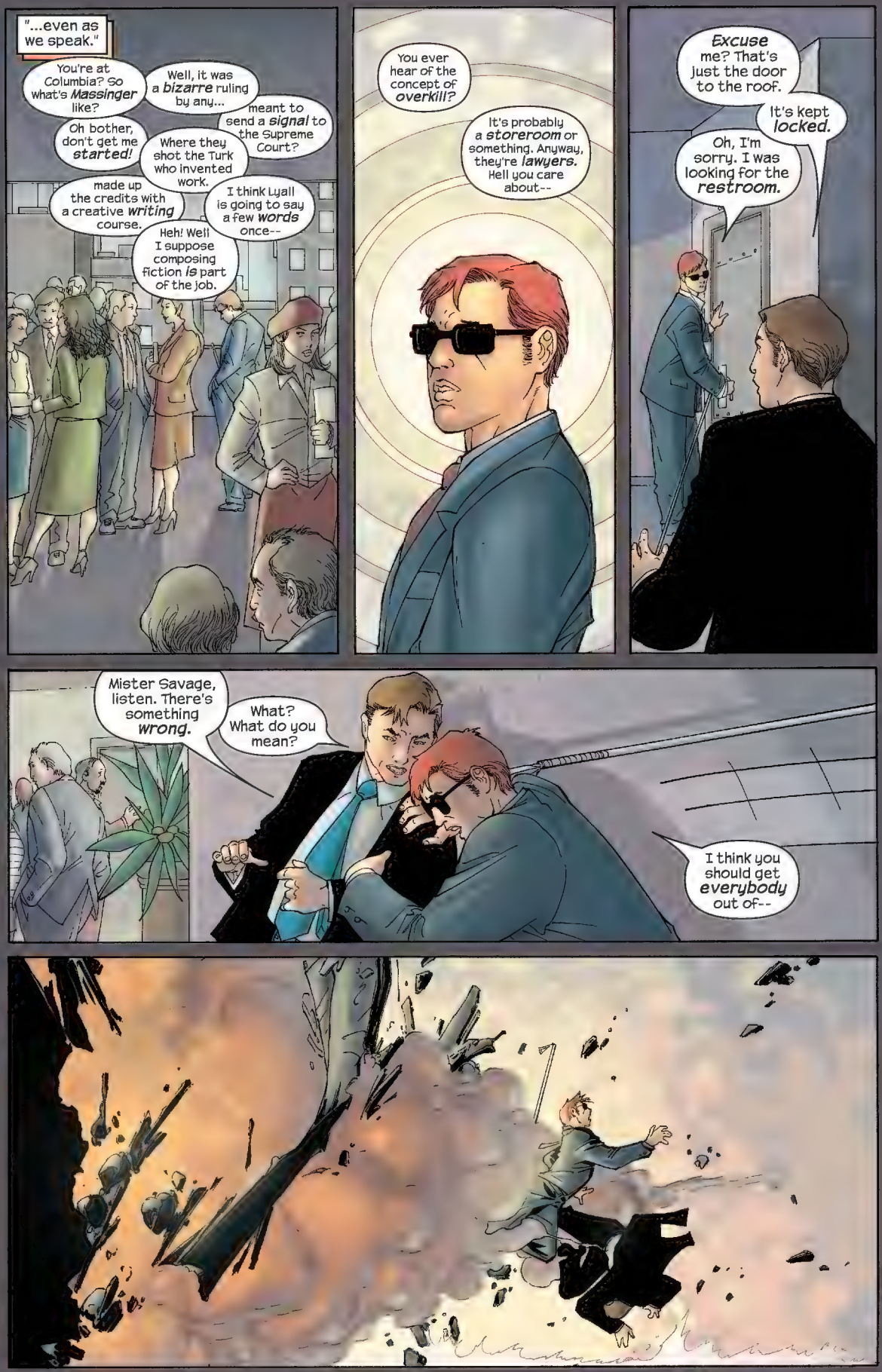

You don't move an *inch* until you see the book. Understand?
Killing Cullen will scratch an *itch*, but we've got to get his damn *ledger*.
That swine should die *slowly*, Leander. A bullet's too *good* for him.
THUMP THUMP
Answer the *door*, Bruno. And assume the *worst*.
TCHIK
SLAM
...
I was hoping to speak to Leander Natchios.
I'm his *cousin*.


So all the names and dates and amounts are in *here?*
Yes. And *bank* codes.
Everything is being put through these *front outfits.* Video stores, dry cleaners--
Mister Savage, the *interns* are in boardroom two.
Mister Lyall said to *tell* you.
Yes. Thank you, Cheroline.
I'll just be a few *minutes.* Keep taking Mister Cullen's statement.
And have Taft put this in the *safe.*
Oh no! Absolutely *not!*
Don't you think it would be *safer--?*
This *ledger* is all that stands between me and the grand jury.
It stays with *me.*
Bingo.
We *have* a winner.

Elektra, this is a business address. I gave it to your father, not to you.
And right now is not a convenient--
I'm sorry. I'll be really quick, I promise.
I want to take over my Dad's debt. I'm going to get a job.
I can probably pay you two hundred or three hundred dollars a month.
Is this--is this a joke, Elektra?
I'm not in the mood for jokes. Go. I'll talk to your father about this.
No, I mean it. It's making him sick. He can't live like this.
I'm not going to discuss it. Not with a child.
Well, I'm not leaving until you do.
Bruno.
Put her outside, and close the door.
I'm warning you. Don't touch me.
It's okay, kid.
I'm not gonna hurt you.

HA!
You'll have to put me outside *yourself*, Leander.
If you think you're up to it.
The door was *open*--


--I hope I'm not *interrupting* anything.
Mister--Mister Fisk! No, not at *all*.
I was about to *call* you. I wanted to--to--
To inform me that you have a *problem* with your accountant.
There's *no* problem, Mister Fisk. None at *all*.
It's being *dealt* with...


"...even as we speak."
You're at Columbia? So what's Massinger like?
Well, it was a bizarre ruling by any...
meant to send a signal to the Supreme Court?
Oh bother, don't get me started!
Where they shot the Turk who invented work.
made up the credits with a creative writing course.
I think Lyall is going to say a few words once--
Heh! Well I suppose composing fiction is part of the job.
You ever hear of the concept of overkill?
It's probably a storeroom or something. Anyway, they're lawyers. Hell you care about--
Excuse me? That's just the door to the roof.
It's kept locked.
Oh, I'm sorry. I was looking for the restroom.
Mister Savage, listen. There's something wrong.
What? What do you mean?
I think you should get everybody out of--

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PREVIOUSLY

ULTIMATE ELEKTRA

"DEVIL'S DUE" part 2 of 5

Elektra Natchios had a happy life--she had begun a promising college career, was dating blind law student Matt Murdock, and her immigrant father had found success with a laundromat in Queens. But Elektra lost it all. The laundromat burned to the ground, leaving her father unable to pay for her school--and Matt learned that he couldn't live with the darkness buried deep in Elektra's soul.

Now Elektra is forced to stand by as her father makes a deal with her unscrupulous cousins, Paul and Leander. In exchange for rebzuilding the laundromat, the cousins take control of the business--and Elektra suspects they don't have the Natchios family's best interests at heart.

She's right. The cousins plan to launder something other than clothes: the dirty money earned from their criminal activities with Wilson Fisk, the Kingpin of Crime. But when Paul and Leander's accountant, Cullen, threatens to turn state's evidence and give the authorities the ledger that records their crimes, the cousins are forced to send a pair of armed mercenaries to the offices of the lawyer Walter Savage, to kill Cullen and retrieve the ledger.

Little do they know that Savage's intern is none other than Matt Murdock, whose enhanced senses let him "see" the gunmen arriving...but they blast through the wall behind Matt before he can act.

Meanwhile, Elektra finds herself literally caught between her cousins and the Kingpin...

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I'm sorry to *interrupt* your conversation--
--or your *exercise* regime, whichever this might be--
--but I want to talk with Leander Natchios. In *private.*

Well sorry, but I'm not *through* with him just yet.
If you want to walk around the *block* a few--
Now I'm through. I'm very through.
I just didn't *realize* how through I was.
12
SLAM
15
12

Natchios, you've disappointed me.
You must be aware that nobody gets to do that twice.
Mister Fisk, please. Sit down. Let me explain.
The situation is under control.
Is it? In what respect?
It's true that Cullen is talking to the D.A. But he knows nothing about our links with you.
And my brother--Paul--has taken steps--
I've got some people taking care of it right now, Mister Fisk.
We have a friend in the attorney's office. He slipped us the word.
Cullen has been lying low, but he's in there now, spilling his guts.
So we called some other friends--Billy Roth and the Deacon. You know the Deacon?
Cold as ice. A man worthy even of your attention.
Cullen is dead, Mister Fisk. Believe me. As soon as that phone rings--
--we'll know where to send the flowers.

What's this? A Mondrian?
Or some kind of cheapo pay-by-the-yard copy?
Well whatever it is, I want you all up against it.
Billy, get those blinds. This is a private party.
Him you can carry.
No! He might have a broken spine or something.
It wouldn't be safe to move him.
Then let him lie. Hell do I care?
But get yourselves over by that wall or someone'll be carrying you.
You. You're Savage, right? Where's Cullen?
He--he's not here. He was in my office earlier, but he's gone.
Then let's go take a look in your office.
Billy, any of these people move, you tell 'em some lawyer jokes.
If that don't work, blow their heads off.

I wish to make myself clear, so that there's no misunderstanding later. No--ambiguity.
My own information conflicts with yours on one point.
Cullen keeps a notebook. A ledger.
Some of my associates appear in this ledger, identified by name--and with a wealth of incriminating detail.
Whether or not Cullen dies, I want that book.
Of course, Mister Fisk. I've already given orders--
I want it placed in my hand. Whatever that takes.
If I have to sort this matter out myself, I'll do so with biblical thoroughness.
Root and branch. I hope you understand me.
You should put your bodyguard out to grass, Natchios, and employ the girl.
I suspect she'd be a bargain.

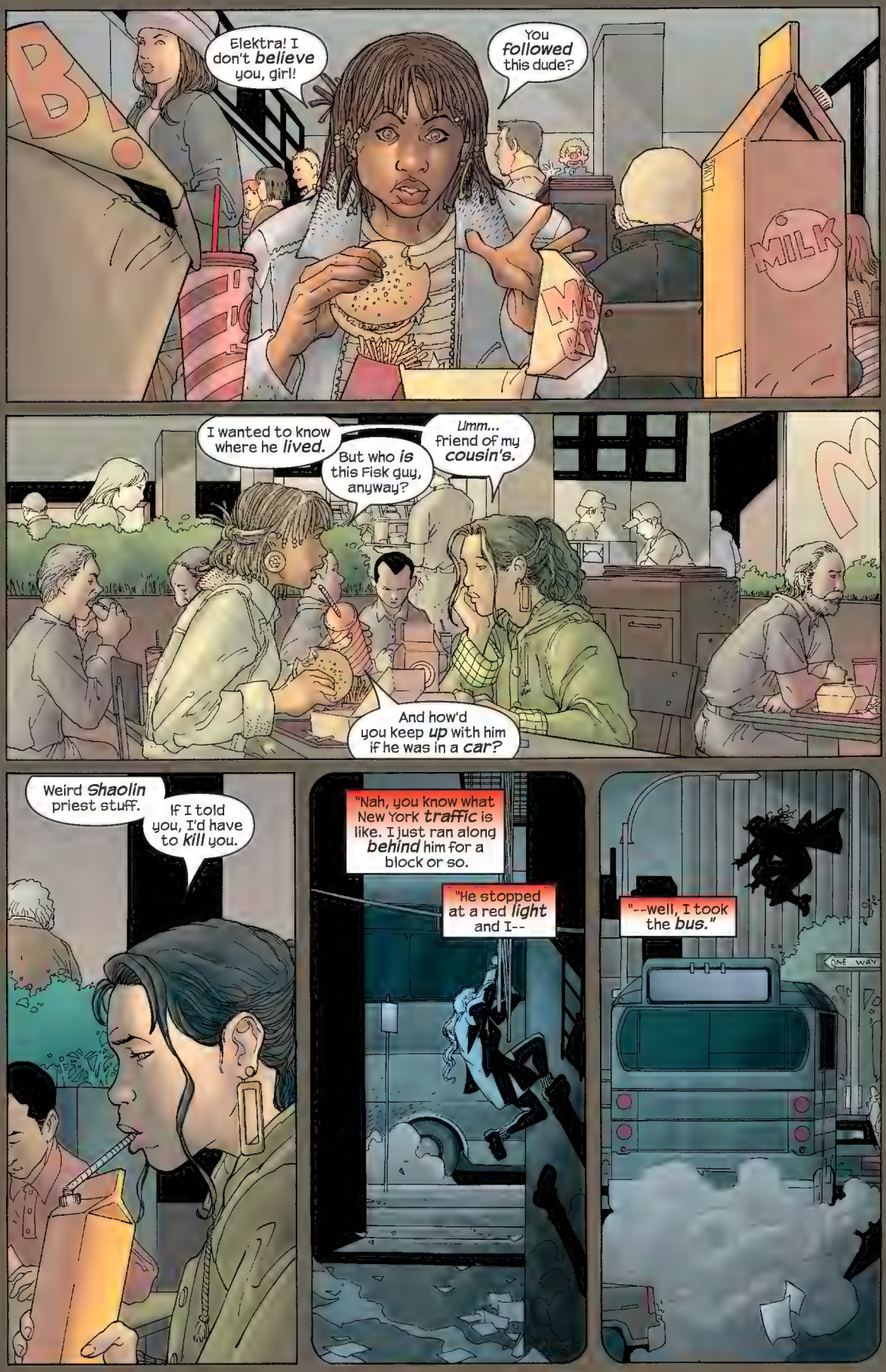
WHUMP
Sorry! I thought that'd be springy. Like a trampoline.
I was hoping I could bounce off of it and catch hold of a--
Skip it.
Not important.

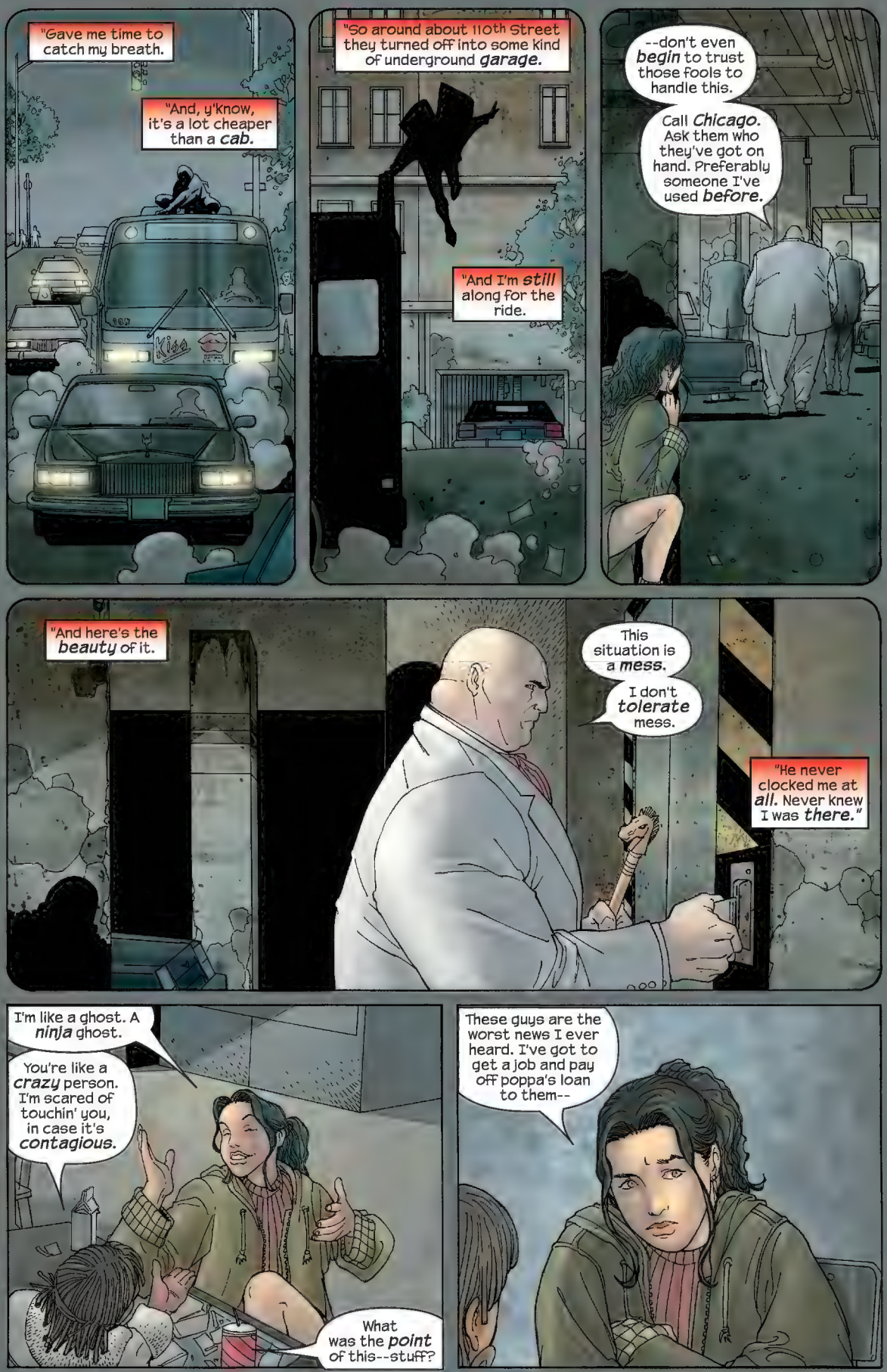
Listen--I need to go to the bathroom.
I'm not stopping you.
You ladies might want to look away, though. Could get kind of--
CLICK
Aw, for the love of--
THUK
WHUD
What happened?
They've killed someone!
Oh my God! Oh my God!

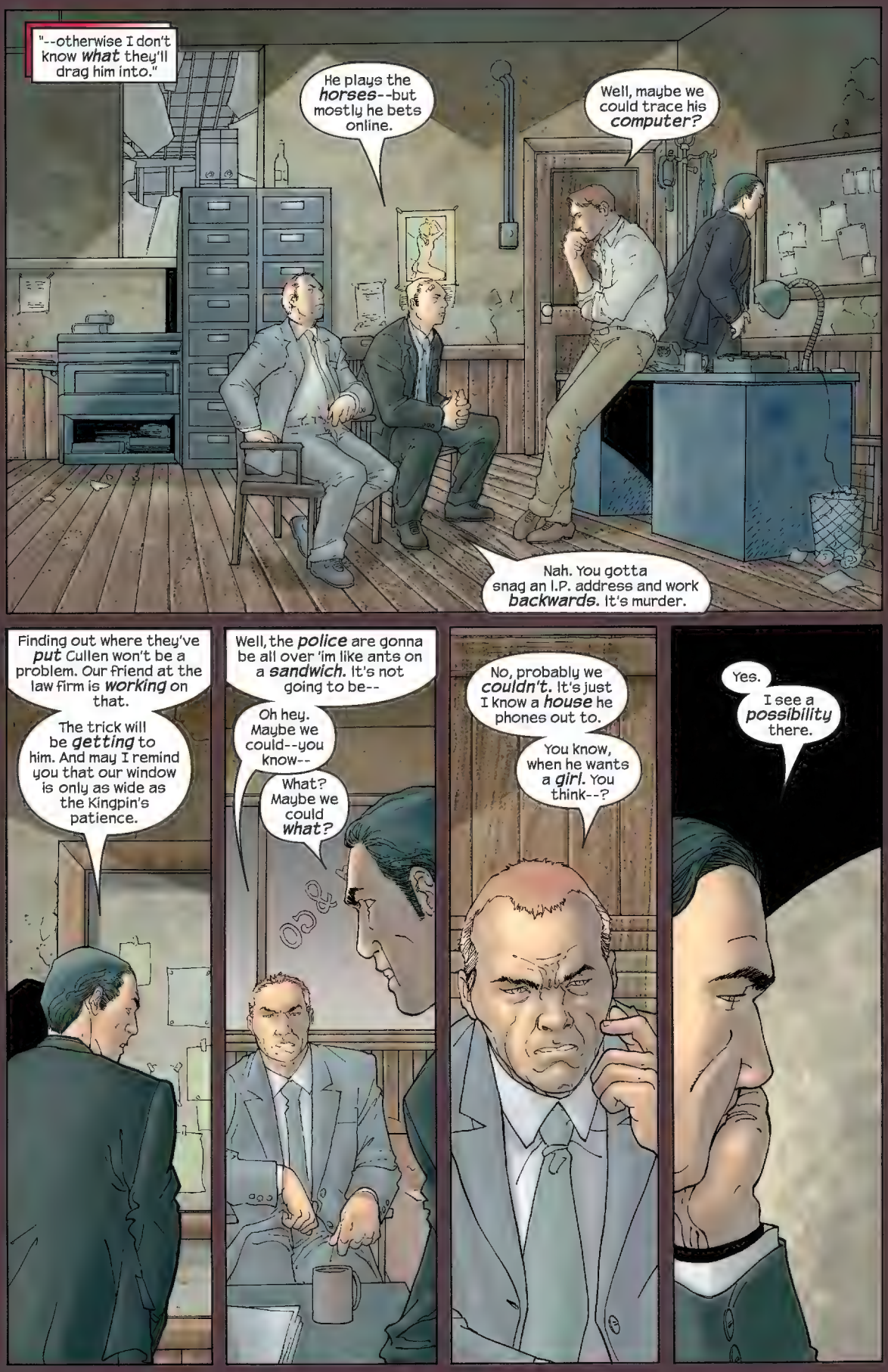
So hey, girlie. You wanna tell me where Cullen is at?
I don't--I don't know what you--
Sure you do.
I mean this here's his book, right?
And this is a guy's jacket, when I can see you ain't a guy--
Boo.
Please! Please don't hurt me!
No problem, Cullen. Be over too quick to hurt all that much.
Wow. Dunno where that came from.
But it sure was an innovative use of legal precedent.

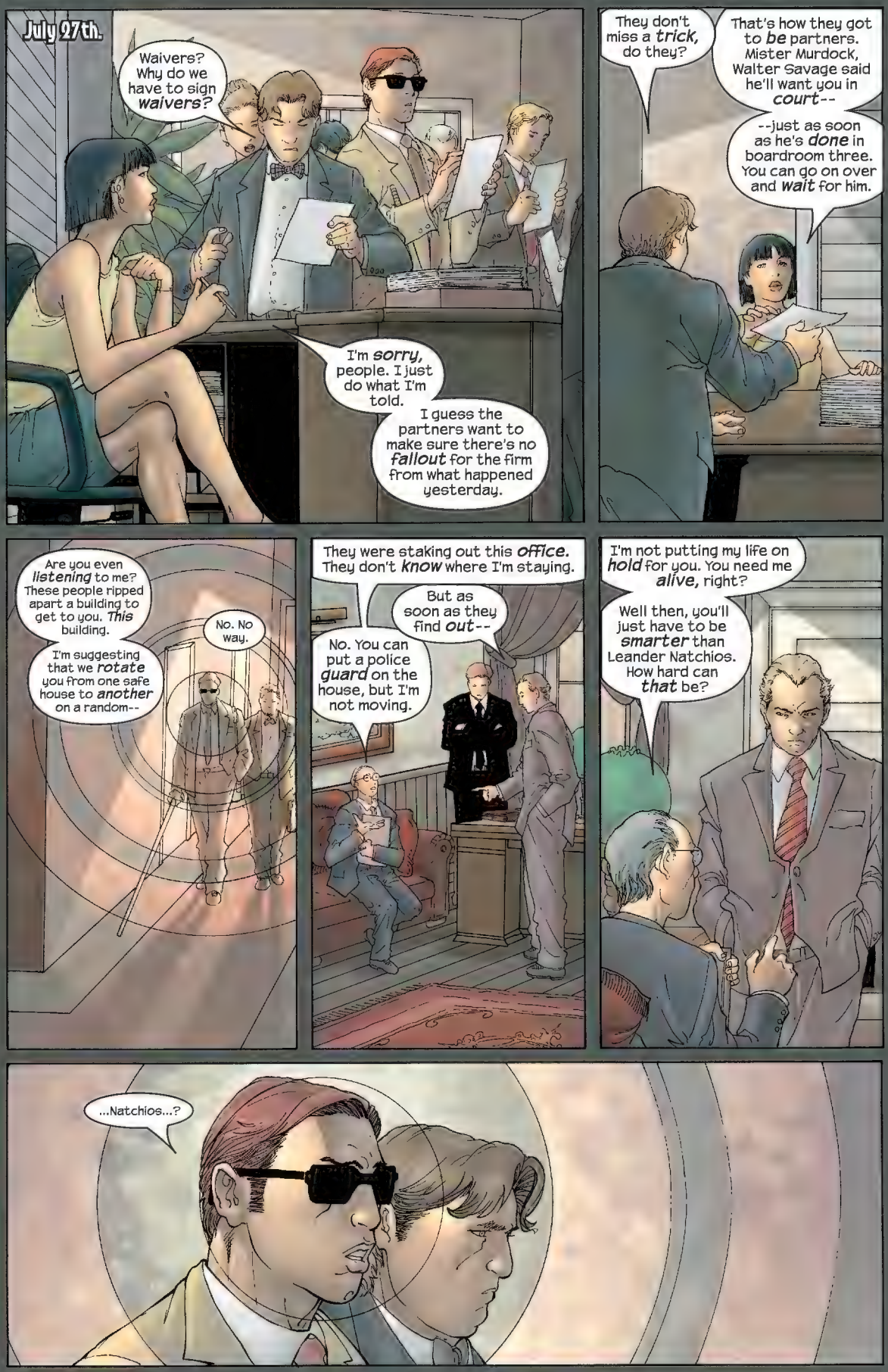
What's happening, Lyall? Is he--?
He's unconscious. Someone took him down.
But the other one's still out there. I don't think we should move.
I'm going to get the lights.
We've got to call an ambulance for my friend.
Matt! You're okay!
Ow. Am I?
To be honest, Foggy, I'm feeling a little rough.
Did something happen?
What was the big bang?

Aw, hell.
TEN TEN TEN
Natchios.
What is it?
They *blew* it. We got wall-to-wall *cops* here.
I'm coming *home.*
So it's *done?*
Did they get the *book?* Is everything good?


Elektra! I don't *believe* you, girl!
You *followed* this dude?
MILK
I wanted to know where he *lived.*
But who *is* this Fisk guy, anyway?
Umm... friend of my *cousin's.*
And how'd you keep *up* with him if he was in a *car?*
Weird *Shaolin* priest stuff.
If I told you, I'd have to *kill* you.
"Nah, you know what New York *traffic* is like. I just ran along *behind* him for a block or so.
"He stopped at a red *light* and I--
"--well, I took the *bus.*
ONE WAY

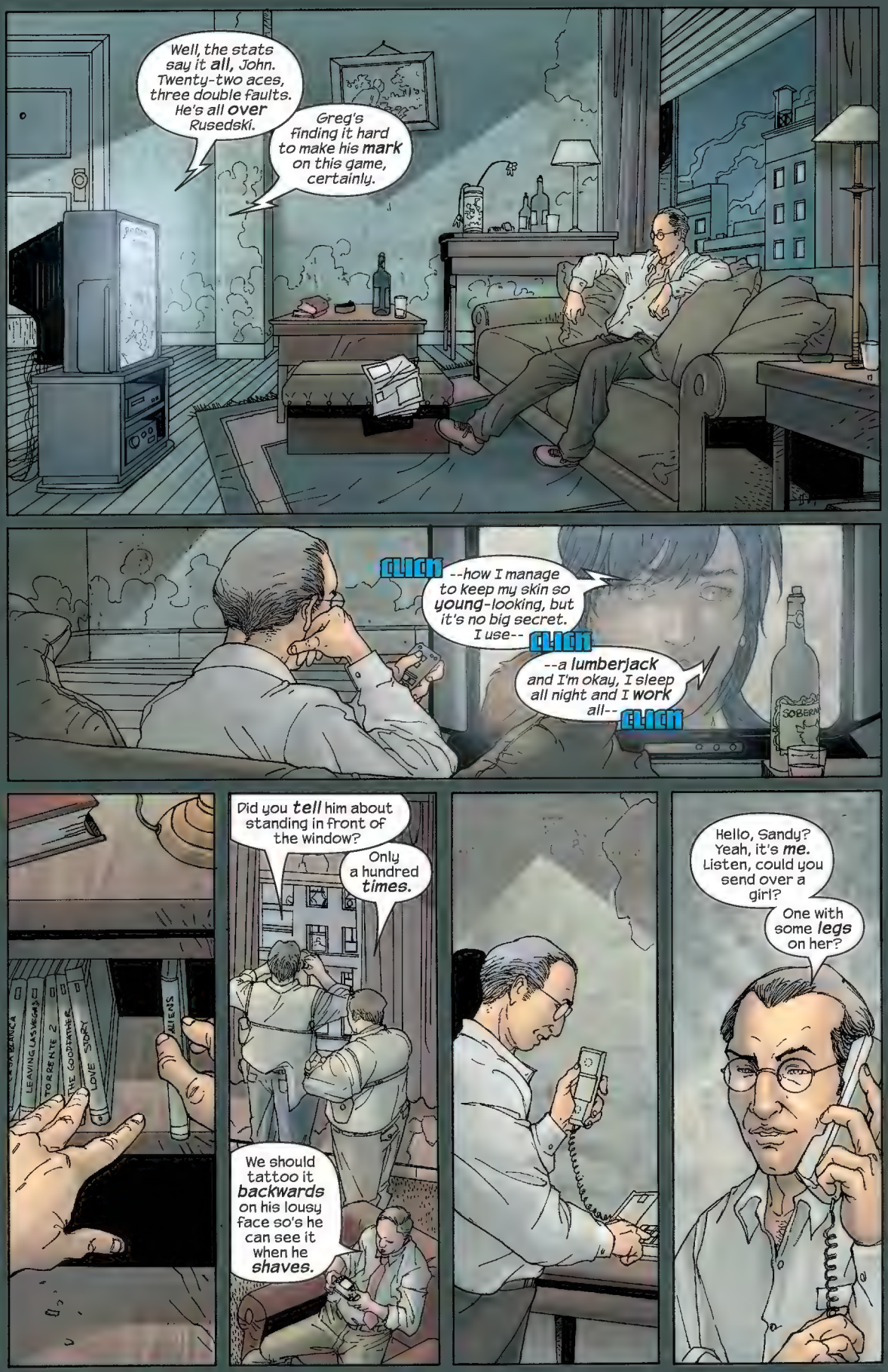

"Gave me time to catch my breath.
"And, y'know, it's a lot cheaper than a *cab.*
"So around about 110th Street they turned off into some kind of underground *garage.*
"And I'm *still* along for the ride.
--don't even *begin* to trust those fools to handle this.
Call *Chicago.* Ask them who they've got on hand. Preferably someone I've used *before.*
"And here's the *beauty* of it.
This situation is a *mess.*
I don't *tolerate* mess.
"He never clocked me at *all.* Never knew I was *there.*"
I'm like a ghost. A *ninja* ghost.
You're like a *crazy* person. I'm scared of touchin' you, in case it's *contagious.*
What was the *point* of this--stuff?
These guys are the worst news I ever heard. I've got to get a job and pay off poppa's loan to them--


"--otherwise I don't know *what* they'll drag him into."
He plays the *horses*--but mostly he bets online.
Well, maybe we could trace his *computer*?
Nah. You gotta snag an I.P. address and work *backwards*. It's murder.
Finding out where they've *put* Cullen won't be a problem. Our friend at the law firm is *working* on that.
The trick will be *getting* to him. And may I remind you that our window is only as wide as the Kingpin's patience.
Well, the *police* are gonna be all over 'im like ants on a *sandwich*. It's not going to be--
Oh hey. Maybe we could--you know--
What? Maybe we could *what*?
No, probably we *couldn't*. It's just I know a *house* he phones out to.
You know, when he wants a *girl*. You think--?
Yes.
I see a *possibility* there.


July 27th.
Waivers? Why do we have to sign waivers?
I'm sorry, people. I just do what I'm told.
I guess the partners want to make sure there's no fallout for the firm from what happened yesterday.
They don't miss a trick, do they?
That's how they got to be partners. Mister Murdock, Walter Savage said he'll want you in court--
--just as soon as he's done in boardroom three. You can go on over and wait for him.
Are you even listening to me? These people ripped apart a building to get to you. This building.
I'm suggesting that we rotate you from one safe house to another on a random--
No. No way.
They were staking out this office. They don't know where I'm staying.
But as soon as they find out--
No. You can put a police guard on the house, but I'm not moving.
I'm not putting my life on hold for you. You need me alive, right?
Well then, you'll just have to be smarter than Leander Natchios. How hard can that be?
...Natchios...?

July 28th.
No shorthand.
No, I've never--
No experience.
Well, I was looking to get some.
No chance.
Don't take this the wrong way, Ms. Natchios. But as a college dropout looking for a first position, I think you're aiming a little high.
Have you considered the fast-food and retail sectors?
OPEN
Elektra.
We need to talk.

Leander, I'm kind of busy right now.
Could you close the car door on your head a few times-- until it starts to feel good?
Such hostility, cousin.
Then I assume you're no longer interested in buying off your father's debt to me.
Very well. Drive on, Bruno. I made a mistake.
Wait! Wait! What do you mean?
Not here on the street, girl.
Climb inside.
God, I feel sleazy just being in the same world as you, let alone the same car.
Another time I'd teach you manners, Elektra. At the moment I have a problem, and you an opportunity.
An hour's work buys your poppa his freedom.
But fail me--
--and the next time you see him you'll be identifying him on a mortuary slab.


Well, the stats say it all, John. Twenty-two aces, three double faults. He's all over Rusedski.
Greg's finding it hard to make his mark on this game, certainly.
CLICK
--how I manage to keep my skin so young-looking, but it's no big secret. I use--
CLICK
--a lumberjack and I'm okay, I sleep all night and I work all--
CLICK
SOBERN
LEAVING LAS VEGAS
TORRENTE 2
THE GODFATHER
LOVE STORY
ALIENS
Did you tell him about standing in front of the window?
Only a hundred times.
We should tattoo it backwards on his lousy face so's he can see it when he shaves.
Hello, Sandy? Yeah, it's me. Listen, could you send over a girl?
One with some legs on her?

Got just the lady for you, Cully. Name's Patricia. New in town.
You tell me where to send her and you're gonna have yourself a night to remember.
You're on.
Thank you, Sandra. I won't forget this.
You'd better not.
Find the notebook. Avoid the police. Get out alive.
You think this is lowering my I.Q.? You told me.
Let's just do this.
I'll twist.
And you're bust.
That's another year's pension. I hope you're good for this.
Oh lord. Check this out.
There's no justice in the world.
BEER
Maybe we should search her. She could have hidden weapons.
I reckon our man's safe enough.
Unless she's gonna stab him to death with a hairpin or something.

Hi. I'm-- Patricia.
Sure.
Come on in.
I'll be with you in a minute. I've got a horse in this race.
No hurry. Really.
Why'n't you go wait for me upstairs?
Come on, come on!
Use the whip, you moron!
Oh, thank you, God! I knew I'd been good--
--but I didn't know I'd been this good.
How you guys doing here?
How you think we're doing? This makes twelve hours straight.
BRONSKY'S BAGEL BAKERY
Man, I want to have me some of what he's getting.
Well, hey.
You only had to ask.
BRONSKY'S BAGEL

Now what the hell would you want with that?
Ow! Nothing!
Nothing at all!
Did someone send you here?
No. Nobody sent me.
You better let go of my arm. You're hurting me.
Well maybe if I hurt you a bit more, you'll tell me the--
Aaah! Jeez!
You lousy skirt!
I'm going to take pieces out of you!

Give me the book!
Give me the book or I swear I'll kill you.
So Leander's using whores now.
That's just about his--
You've got a demeaning attitude to women, mister.
Uff!
And breath like a billy goat!
All things considered--
Guuh!
It's no wonder you have to pay for your dates.
You-- you split my lip.
You think you're gonna get away with this? You think you can--?
TSCH
FUP

Bullseye.

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PREVIOUSLY

ULTIMATE ELEKTRA

"DEVIL'S DUE" part 3 of 5

Elektra Natchios is forced to stand by as her father makes a deal with her unscrupulous cousins, Paul and Leander. In exchange for rebuilding the family's destroyed laundromat, the cousins take control of the business and implement their plan to launder the dirty money earned from their criminal activities with Wilson Fisk, the Kingpin of Crime.

But when Paul and Leander's accountant, Kenneth Cullen, threatens to turn state's evidence and give the authorities the ledger that records their crimes, the cousins send a pair of armed mercenaries to the offices of his lawyer, Walter Savage. Their mission: kill Cullen and retrieve the ledger.

Little do they know that Savage's intern is none other than Elektra's blind ex-boyfriend Matt Murdock, whose enhanced senses let him "see" the gunmen arriving...but they blast through the wall behind Matt before he can act.

Meanwhile, Elektra finds herself literally caught between her cousins and the Kingpin, as Fisk demands the cousins deliver the ledger. After the meeting, Elektra uses her martial arts cunning to follow Fisk, learning that he plans to take matters into his own hands.

Back at Savage's office, Matt recovers in time to stop the would-be assassins and discovers that the Natchios family is somehow tied to the Cullen attack.

But before Matt can act, Elektra volunteers to recover the ledger for her cousins, in exchange for her father's financial freedom. Posing as a call girl, she makes her way into Cullen's police safehouse--just in time to see him gunned down by a mysterious hitman with a bull's-eye tattoo on his forehead...

Writer	Pencils	Inks	Colors	Letters
Mike Carey	Salvador Larroca	Crimelab Studios	Liquid's Aron Lusen	Chris Eliopoulos

Assistant Editors	Editor	Editor in Chief	Publisher
MacKenzie Cadenhead & John Barber	Ralph Macchio	Joe Quesada	Dan Buckley

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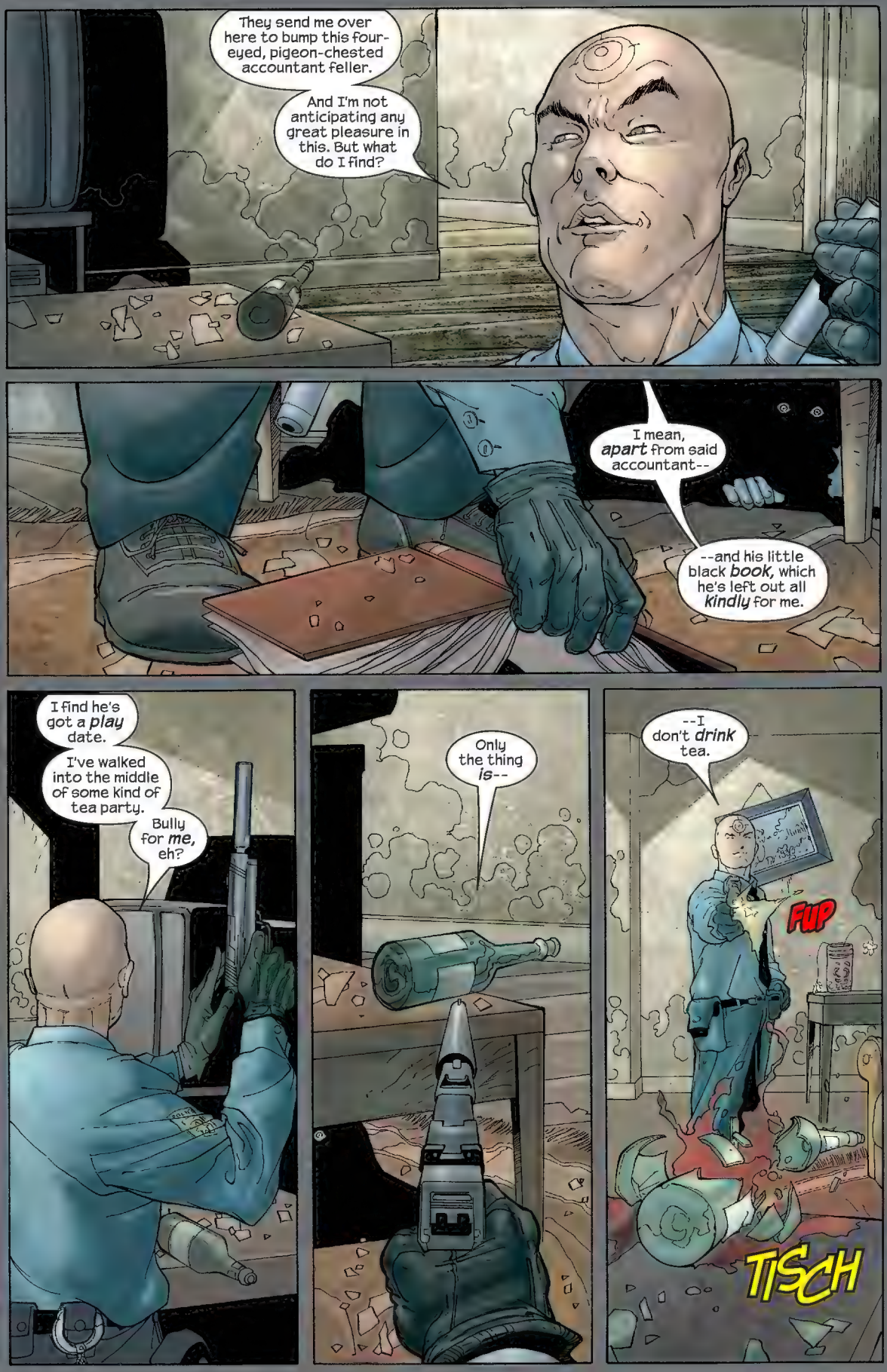
Well, this is rich.
This is rare.


They send me over here to bump this four-eyed, pigeon-chested accountant feller.
And I'm not anticipating any great pleasure in this. But what do I find?
I mean, apart from said accountant--
--and his little black book, which he's left out all kindly for me.
I find he's got a play date.
I've walked into the middle of some kind of tea party.
Bully for me, eh?
Only the thing is--
--I don't drink tea.
FUP
TISCH

I'm not sociable enough for parties--
TISCH
FUP
And the only pleasure I take from slags is--
You freeze right there, mister.
You're under arrest.
You move a muscle and I'll drop you where you stand.
POLICE
BRONX BAGEL

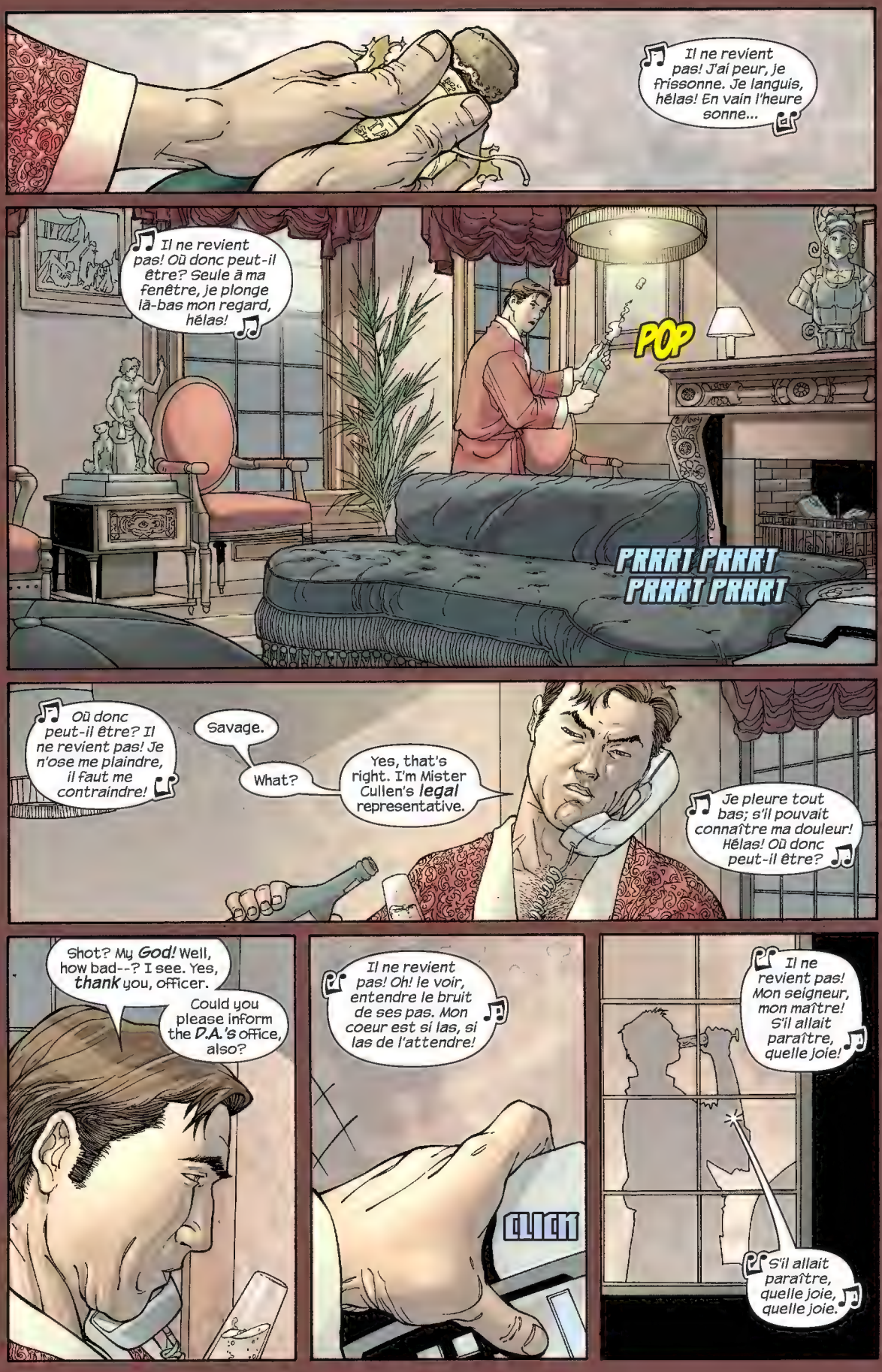
A-D

FSWIFFSWIFFSWIFF CLICK
--work as an accountant for a company named "Security Solutions"?
That's right. I do.
And what does that work entail, Mister Cullen?
Well, I receive and tally up money from various drug and prostitution rackets.
Then I launder it through legitimate front outfits into my bosses' domestic and foreign accounts.
I also deal with the payroll--including bribes and rent money.
Rent money?
Sure. This is all mob turf. We're paying for the privilege, same as every other schmendrick out there.
And all the details are in this ledger?
You got it. Names. Dates. Amounts. Account numbers.
There's enough in there to make some people bleed out of their ears, you hear what I'm saying?
Wilson Fisk
Leander Natchios
Paul Natchios
Peter Ekberg
Graham K. Walden
Alexandra Glass
And for the record, who owns Security Solutions?
What, you mean on paper? Or who actually runs it?
The second. Who's really in charge?
Well, the rent money I was talking about, that goes to Wilson Fisk. But underneath him, two brothers. Leander and Paul.
Leander and Paul Natchios.

Put down the gun.
This is your last warning.
Well, you've got the drop on me, man. Good and proper.
I'm putting my gun down, okay?
Oh, here you go.
I'm resting it up against what's left of this feller's head.
That's good. Now you just--
...
Eyes on the prize, friend.
Didn't they teach you that at cop school?
UKK!
BLAM BLAM

Now you and me, sugar lump, we're gonna have us a little--
...
KRUMP
HAH!
Hah! That's lovely. But if I slip you a little extra, now--
--d'you think you could moan for me?

WHUD
UHHH!
Yeah.
Like that.
WHOOWHOOWHOOW

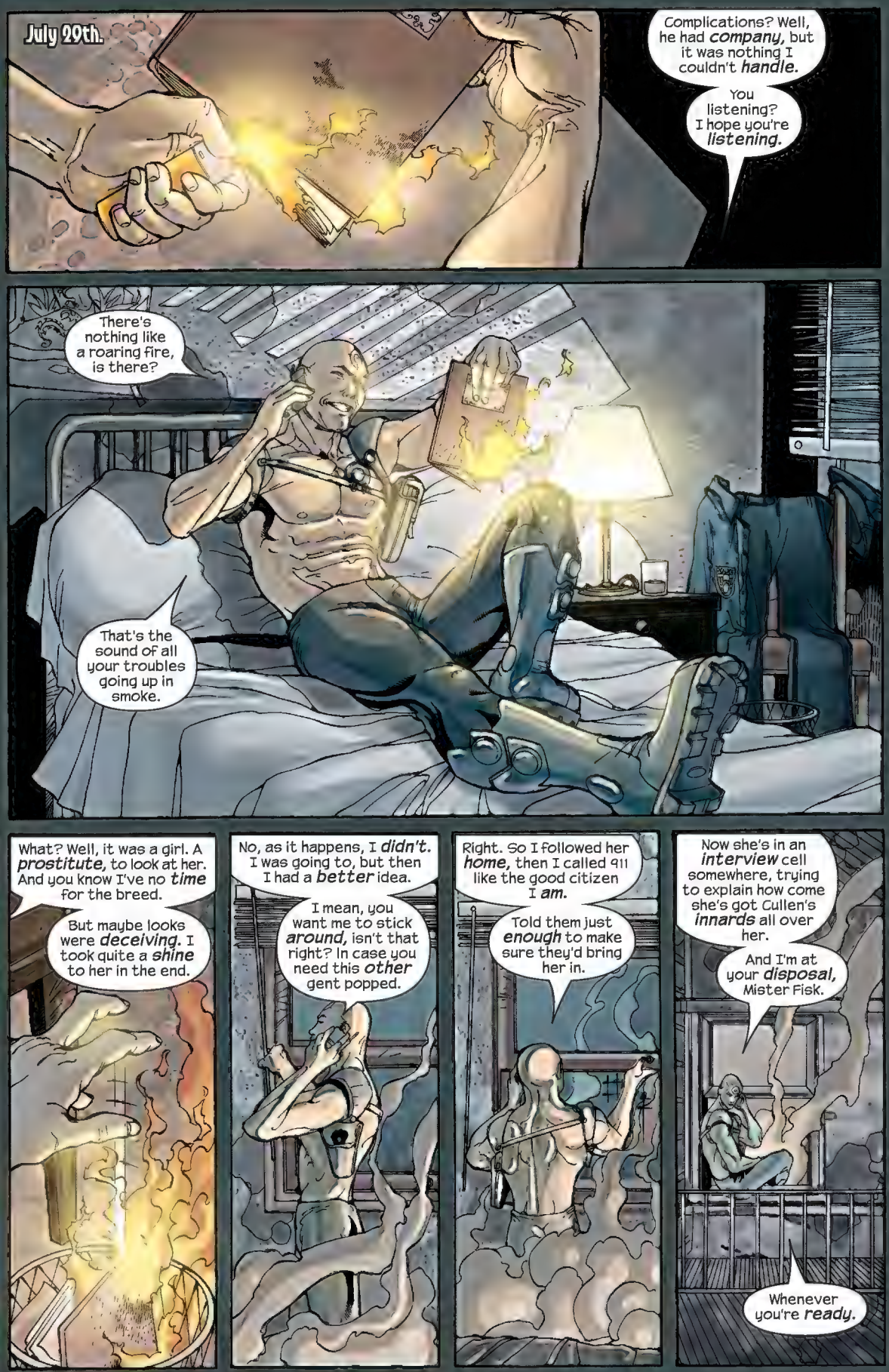

Il ne revient pas! J'ai peur, je frissonne. Je languis, hélas! En vain l'heure sonne...
Il ne revient pas! Où donc peut-il être? Seule à ma fenêtre, je plonge là-bas mon regard, hélas!
POP
PRRRT PRRRT
PRRRT PRRRT
Où donc peut-il être? Il ne revient pas! Je n'ose me plaindre, il faut me contraindre!
Savage.
What?
Yes, that's right. I'm Mister Cullen's legal representative.
Je pleure tout bas; s'il pouvait connaître ma douleur! Hélas! Où donc peut-il être?
Shot? My God! Well, how bad--? I see. Yes, thank you, officer.
Could you please inform the D.A.'s office, also?
Il ne revient pas! Oh! le voir, entendre le bruit de ses pas. Mon coeur est si las, si las de l'attendre!
CLICK
Il ne revient pas! Mon seigneur, mon maître! S'il allait paraître, quelle joie!
S'il allait paraître, quelle joie, quelle joie.

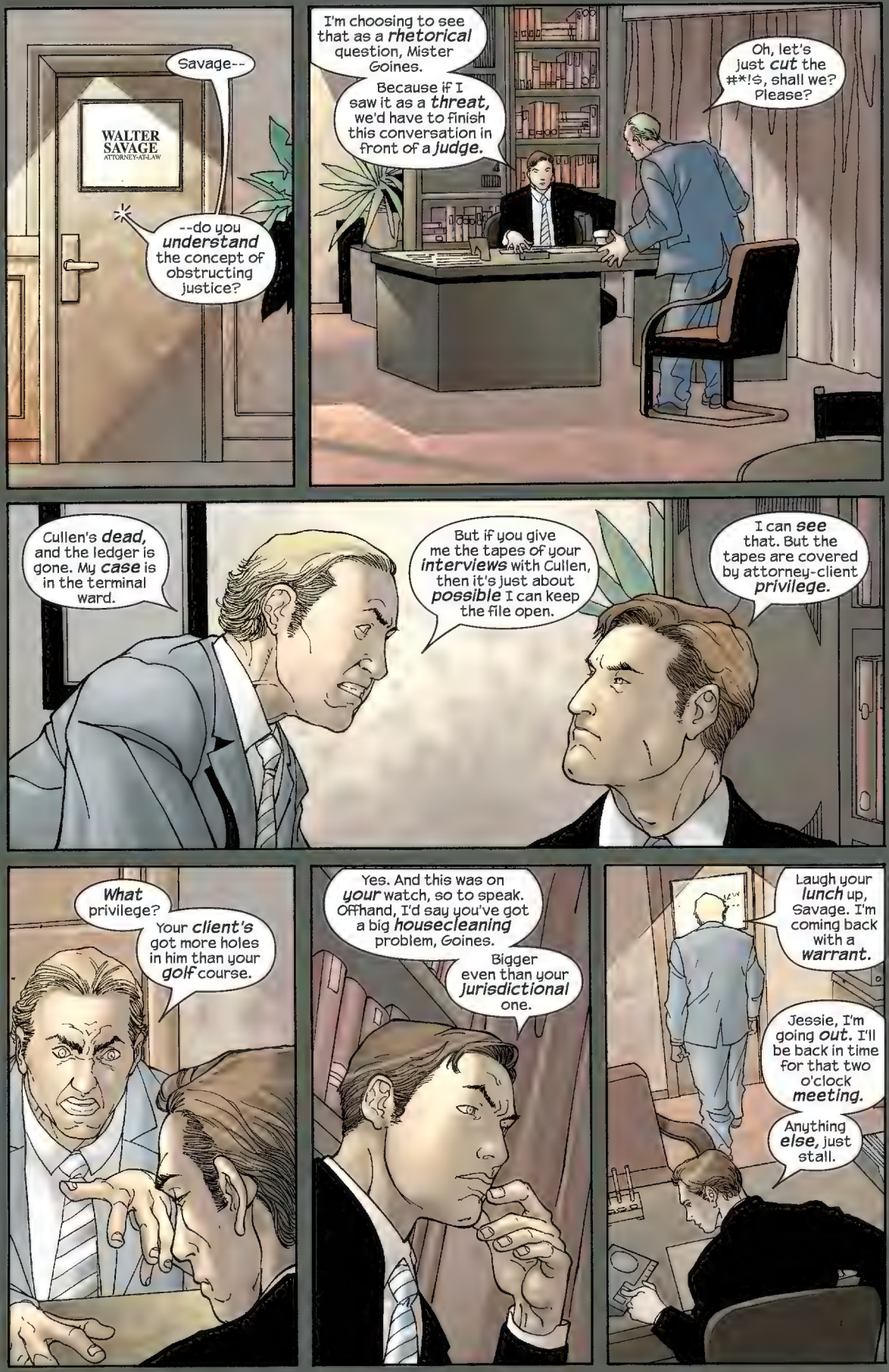
Elektra--
Aaaa!
P-Poppa!
What's the *matter* with you, girl?
Where have you *been,* in such clothes? And what--?
What is--
--*this?*

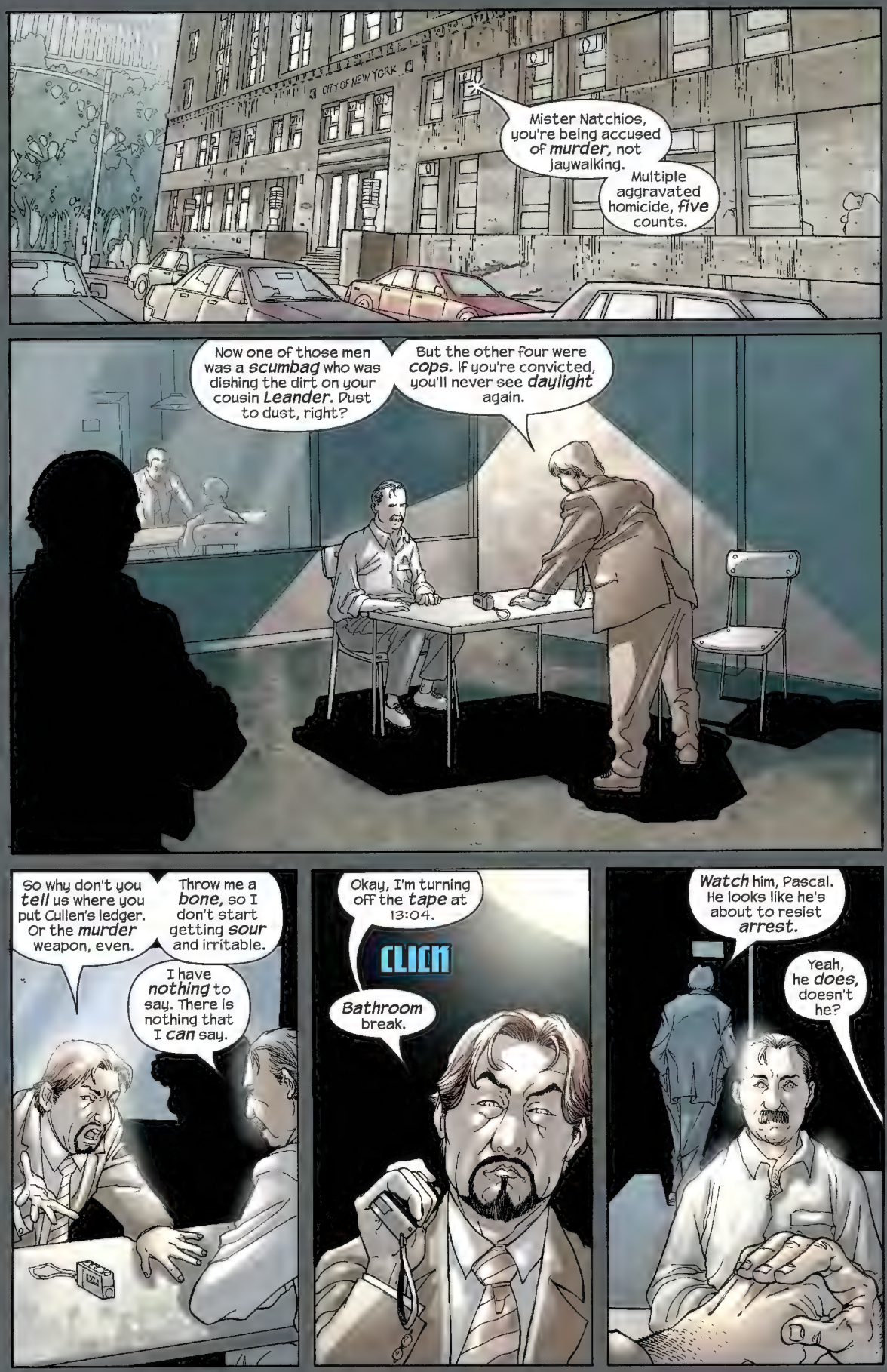
Poppa, I--I'm not hurt. Really. I was trying to help, but--
Dimitris? Is everything all right?
What have you done? Did you go to Leander? Answer me!
Ow! Yes, I did. But I only went to ask him to write off your debt.
I--I swear I didn't mean to--
Oh God, Poppa, I saw a man get shot!
I s-saw him die, and there was--
His bl-blood got on me!
There, Elektra. There. It will--it will be fine.
You'll tell me everything, and we'll call the--
WHUMP WHUMP WHUMP
Who is it?
It's the police, ma'am.
Please open the door.

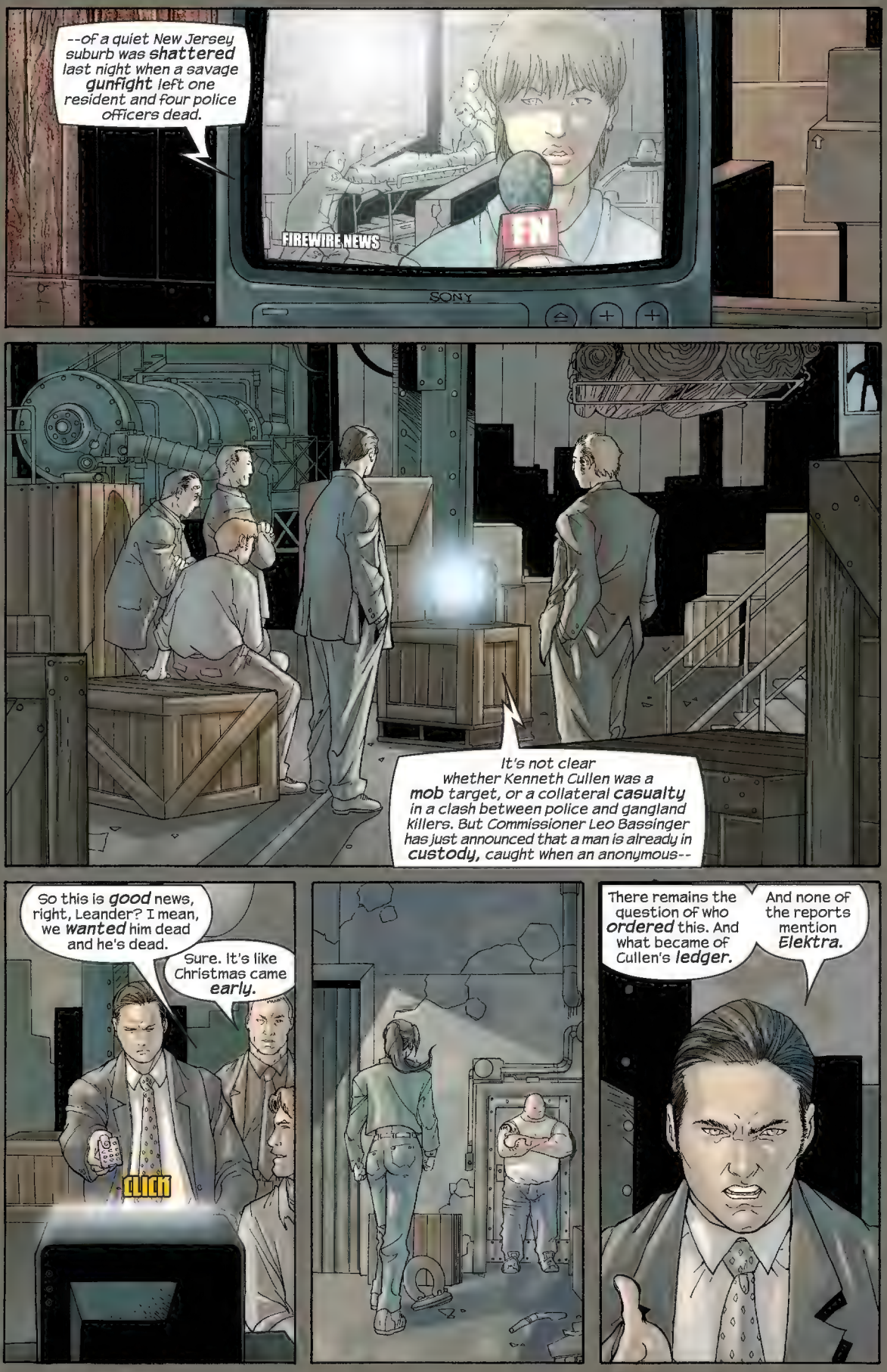
Go to your room, Elektra.
What? Poppa, what are you--?
Irene, take her. Don't let her come out.
If you love me, show me some obedience now.
But you don't under--
Not a word. Do as you're told.
What is the trouble, officer?
We're looking for a suspect, sir.
He was apparently seen entering this--oh, hey now.
That looks like blood. Could you explain how you came by it, Mister--?
Natchios. Dimitris Natchios.
Natchios. Hell you say.
Cuff him and book him, Greg. I just want to enjoy the moment.

Oh boy.
This is getting *complicated.*


July 29th.
Complications? Well, he had company, but it was nothing I couldn't handle.
You listening? I hope you're listening.
There's nothing like a roaring fire, is there?
That's the sound of all your troubles going up in smoke.
What? Well, it was a girl. A prostitute, to look at her. And you know I've no time for the breed.
But maybe looks were deceiving. I took quite a shine to her in the end.
No, as it happens, I didn't. I was going to, but then I had a better idea.
I mean, you want me to stick around, isn't that right? In case you need this other gent popped.
Right. So I followed her home, then I called 911 like the good citizen I am.
Told them just enough to make sure they'd bring her in.
Now she's in an interview cell somewhere, trying to explain how come she's got Cullen's innards all over her.
And I'm at your disposal, Mister Fisk.
Whenever you're ready.


WALTER SAVAGE
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Savage--
--do you understand the concept of obstructing justice?
I'm choosing to see that as a rhetorical question, Mister Goines.
Because if I saw it as a threat, we'd have to finish this conversation in front of a judge.
Oh, let's just cut the #*!$, shall we? Please?
Cullen's dead, and the ledger is gone. My case is in the terminal ward.
But if you give me the tapes of your interviews with Cullen, then it's just about possible I can keep the file open.
I can see that. But the tapes are covered by attorney-client privilege.
What privilege?
Your client's got more holes in him than your golf course.
Yes. And this was on your watch, so to speak. Offhand, I'd say you've got a big housecleaning problem, Goines.
Bigger even than your jurisdictional one.
Laugh your lunch up, Savage. I'm coming back with a warrant.
Jessie, I'm going out. I'll be back in time for that two o'clock meeting.
Anything else, just stall.


CITY OF NEW YORK
Mister Natchios, you're being accused of *murder*, not jaywalking.
Multiple aggravated homicide, *five* counts.
Now one of those men was a *scumbag* who was dishing the dirt on your cousin *Leander.* Dust to dust, right?
But the other four were *cops.* If you're convicted, you'll never see *daylight* again.
So why don't you *tell* us where you put Cullen's ledger. Or the *murder* weapon, even.
Throw me a *bone,* so I don't start getting *sour* and irritable.
I have *nothing* to say. There is nothing that I *can* say.
Okay, I'm turning off the *tape* at 13:04.
CLICK
Bathroom break.
Watch him, Pascal. He looks like he's about to resist *arrest.*
Yeah, he *does,* doesn't he?


--of a quiet New Jersey suburb was shattered last night when a savage gunfight left one resident and four police officers dead.
FIREWIRE NEWS
FN
SONY
It's not clear whether Kenneth Cullen was a mob target, or a collateral casualty in a clash between police and gangland killers. But Commissioner Leo Bassinger has just announced that a man is already in custody, caught when an anonymous--
So this is good news, right, Leander? I mean, we wanted him dead and he's dead.
Sure. It's like Christmas came early.
CLICK
There remains the question of who ordered this. And what became of Cullen's ledger.
And none of the reports mention Elektra.

Hey, girlie.
Private property. Keep walking.
KEEP OUT
Well--I guess she got out okay, or they would've said. Does it matter?
Paul--brother--use what brain you've got. She's a direct link back to us.
And we don't have the slightest idea where she is.
KEEP OUT!
Leander!
You--
--are--
--DEAD!

HOTEL
RESTAURANT
Mister Savage.
There was something that you wished to discuss with me.
Yes, there was. There is.
Please. Sit down.
I wasn't sure you'd come.
But you know who I am, right?

You're an attorney at Ecker Summers Lyall. Also a paid informant for Leander Natchios.
You represented Kenneth Cullen--and betrayed him to Natchios on two separate occasions.
How did you--? Yeah. That's right. But I don't like "betrayed".
I provide certain services to the Natchios brothers. I could be useful to you, too.
But I have my own sources. Also a certain-- fastidiousness.
Oh really? Because what I have is a photocopy of Cullen's ledger. Every page. Including the one with your name on it.
And I'm going to let you buy it from me for ten million dollars.
I'll be in touch. If you want to be fastidious, you can deal with me on an arm's-length basis.
But you will deal with me.
Call Poindexter.
Tell him there will, as I envisaged, be a second job.
And then find me Leander Natchios.
I need to have words with him...

"...but not very *many* words."
Elektra.
It's a great *relief* to see you safe.
But this anger--it's not *seemly.* Or *acceptable.*
I ought to pitch you out of your own *window,* you lying dirtbag.
My dad is in *jail* because of you.
You sent someone *else* in after me. To *kill* Cullen.
While I was right there *watching.*
You *saw* the killer?
What, am I *blind?* Of course I saw him.
Then he also saw *you?*
Well *duh!*
That-- *changes* things. Regrettably.
But some *good* may come of it, after all.

The assassin was certainly sent by *Fisk*--the Kingpin.
He is not *pleased* with me. But I hope he will *appreciate* the tying up of loose ends.
You're *scum*, Leander.
I'm *pragmatic*, cousin. I have to be.
But I will light a *candle* for you.
KRRRRM

Elektra, I--I--
KRAK
WHUD
I've got a *proposition.*
I think you might *like* it.
I'm *listening.*

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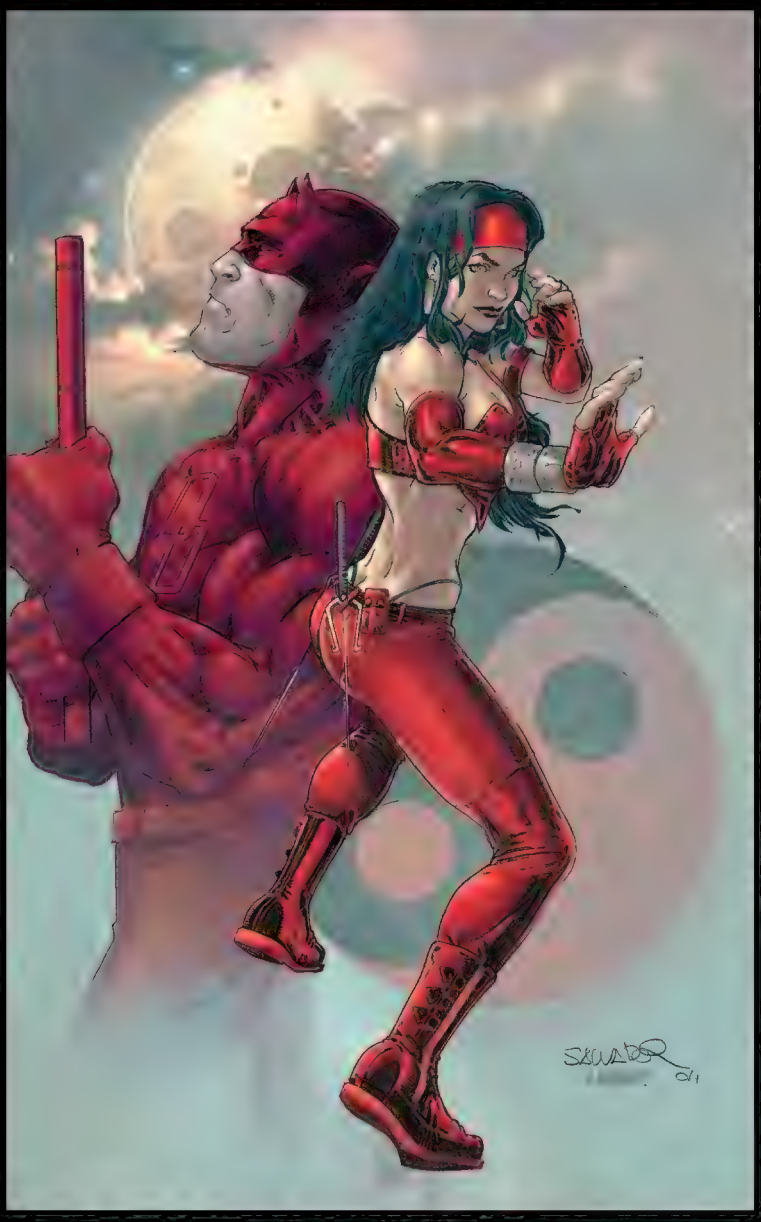
PREVIOUSLY

ULTIMATE ELEKTRA

"DEVIL'S DUE" part 4 of 5



Elektra Natchios is forced to stand by as her father makes a deal with her unscrupulous cousins, Paul and Leander. In exchange for rebuilding the family's destroyed laundromat, the cousins take control of the business and launder the dirty money earned from their criminal activities with Wilson Fisk, the Kingpin of Crime.

But when Paul and Leander's accountant, Kenneth Cullen, threatens to turn state's evidence and give the authorities the ledger that records their crimes, Elektra volunteers to recover the incriminating accounting records, in exchange for her father's financial freedom. Posing as a call girl, she makes her way into Cullen's police safe house--just in time to see him gunned down by the bullseye-tattooed assassin, Poindexter, who has been sent by Fisk!

Using her martial arts cunning, Elektra escapes. Poindexter phones the police to try to pin the murder on her, but the plan goes awry when the police ignore the visibly shaken Elektra and arrest her father for the murder of Cullen and several cops!

Poindexter tells the Kinpin that the mission has been accomplished, but he quickly receives a less-than-welcome call--Cullen's lawyer, Walter Savage, has photocopied the ledger and threatens to blackmail the Kingpin himself!

Meanwhile, Elektra's blind ex-boyfriend Matt Murdock, whose enhanced senses let him "see" with radar-accuracy, has begun his own investigation. His trail leads him to the Natchios home, where he follows Elektra as she confronts her devious cousins. The cousins move to attack Elektra, but the team of Matt and Elektra make quick work of them.

The estranged couple realize their troubles run deeper than either can deal with alone. They resolve to put their differences aside...for now.

Writer	Pencils	Inks	Colors	Letters
Mike Carey	Salvador Larroca	Crimelab Studios	Liquid's Aron Lusen	Chris Eliopoulos

Assistant Editors	Editor	Editor in Chief	Publisher
MacKenzie Cadenhead & John Barber	Ralph Macchio	Joe Quesada	Dan Buckley

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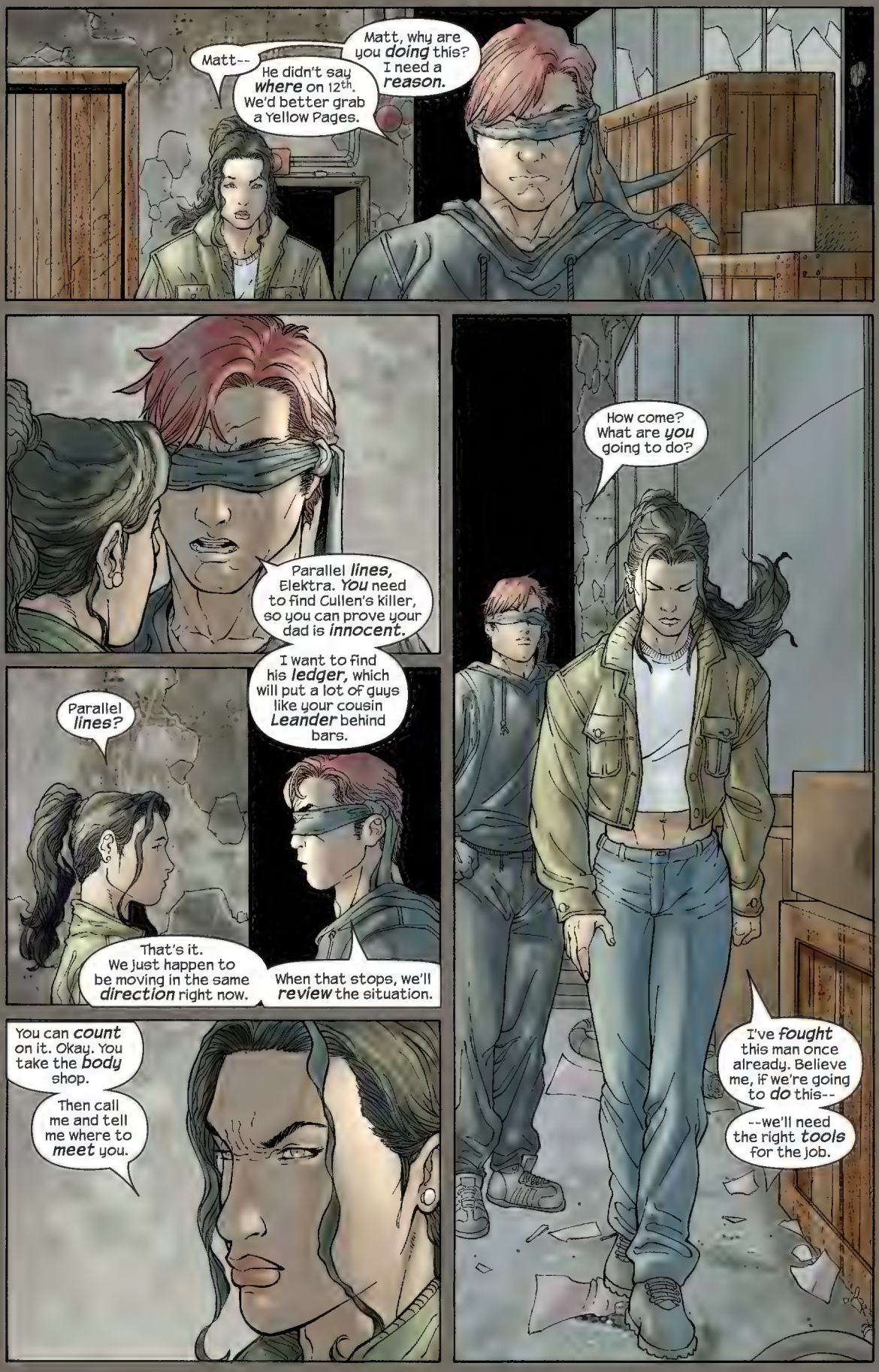
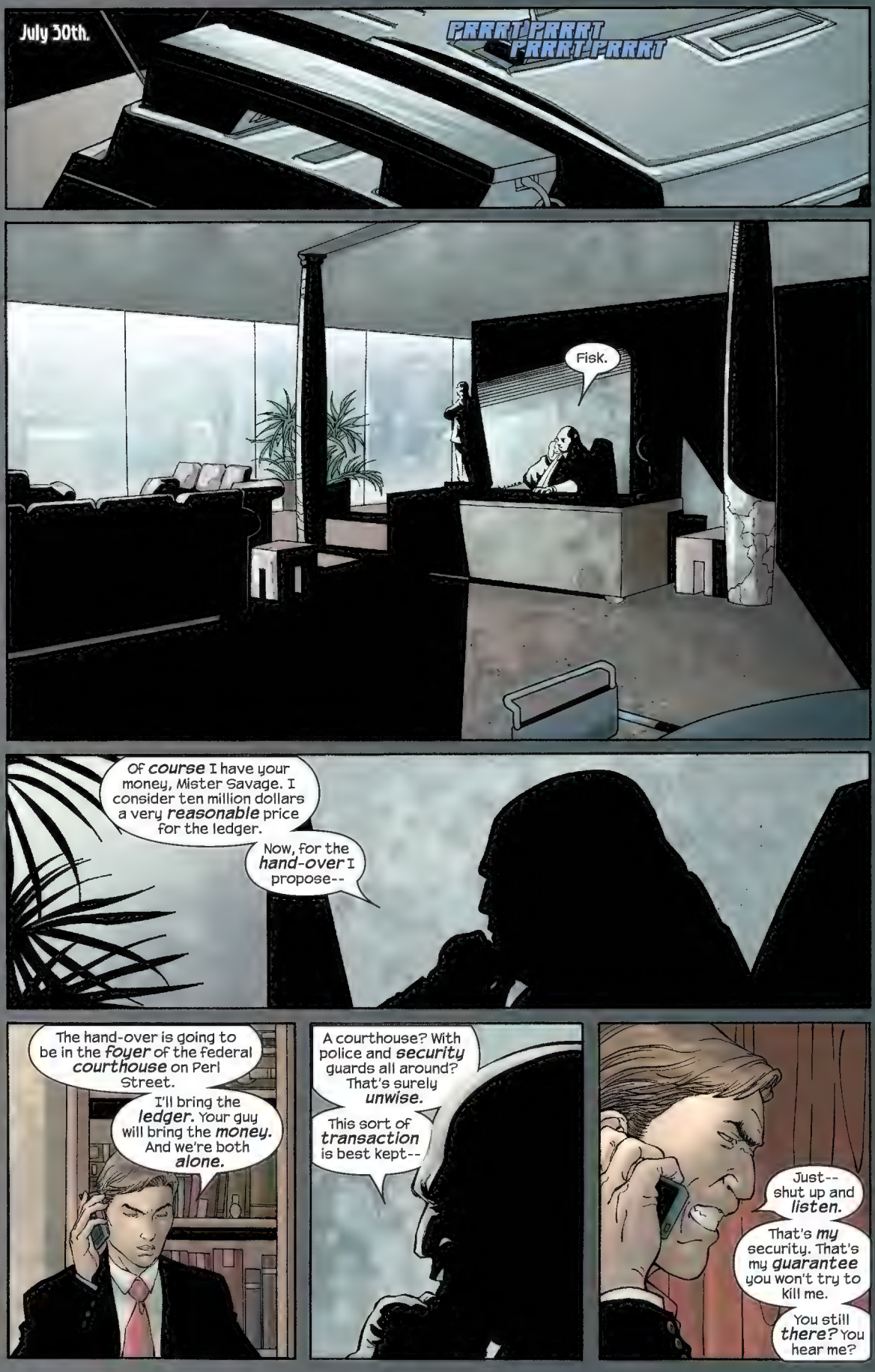
Elektra, I can't let you do this.
And you're going to stop me how, exactly?
It's wrong.
The man is filth, but this makes you as bad as him.
Oh, spare me the sermon, Matt.
Well, let's ask him first.
He might be prepared to help us.
Fine.
And if he's screaming in agony we'll at least know he's sincere.
You're talking about torture.
Well, I'm happy to stop talking about it.
Just stay out of my way.
Anyway, we don't have fuse wire or sandpaper.
We don't even have any lighter fluid. We're not equipped for this.
Lend me a twenty.
Okay, but I'm still morally ambivalent about this.
Crybaby.
Damn.

Oh, hey. Leander. You're awake.
Keep her away from me! She's insane!
She's just distraught. After all, her father is in jail for a murder you committed.
That's not true! Cullen's death had nothing to do with me!
You must believe me. Tell her.
Tell her it was Fisk who ordered the killing!
Wilson Fisk? The mob boss? I've got to say, that's a little hard to swallow.
Fisk sends in an assassin just as Elektra knocks on the door--
Listen. Listen to me. Three of the four policemen were killed with a single bullet in the head.
A distance shot. Hard to make once, let alone three times running.
So?
So I know the man who kills like that. His name is Poindexter, and he operates out of Chicago.
I can tell you where to find him.

He is the most frightening man I've ever met. He has tattoos of targets on his forehead, over his heart.
He invites death. Because easy kills bore him, he says, and every kill is easy.
The coincidences keep piling up, don't they?
You just happen to know where an out-of-town killer is staying. How is that?
I've used him myself, in the past. But I don't know where he's staying.
There's a place-- Bernie's Beltway Body Shop, on 12th-- that he uses as a mail drop.
He's telling the truth.
Wha--?
Good. Then let's go. I'm sick of this place.
You tricked me! I'll kill you for this, Elektra! I'll kill you slowly!
I'll make you eat your own heart!
Oh, that's a nice one.
Bit melodramatic.


Matt--
He didn't say *where* on 12th. We'd better grab a Yellow Pages.
Matt, why are you *doing* this? I need a *reason.*
Parallel *lines,* Elektra. *You* need to find Cullen's killer, so you can prove your dad is *innocent.*
Parallel *lines?*
I want to find his *ledger,* which will put a lot of guys like your cousin *Leander* behind bars.
That's it. We just happen to be moving in the same *direction* right now.
When that stops, we'll *review* the situation.
You can *count* on it. Okay. You take the *body* shop.
Then call me and tell me where to *meet* you.
How come? What are *you* going to do?
I've *fought* this man once already. Believe me, if we're going to *do* this--
--we'll need the right *tools* for the job.


July 30th.
PRRRT PRRRT
PRRRT PRRRT
Fisk.
Of course I have your money, Mister Savage. I consider ten million dollars a very reasonable price for the ledger.
Now, for the hand-over I propose--
The hand-over is going to be in the foyer of the federal courthouse on Perl Street.
I'll bring the ledger. Your guy will bring the money. And we're both alone.
A courthouse? With police and security guards all around? That's surely unwise.
This sort of transaction is best kept--
Just-- shut up and listen.
That's my security. That's my guarantee you won't try to kill me.
You still there? You hear me?

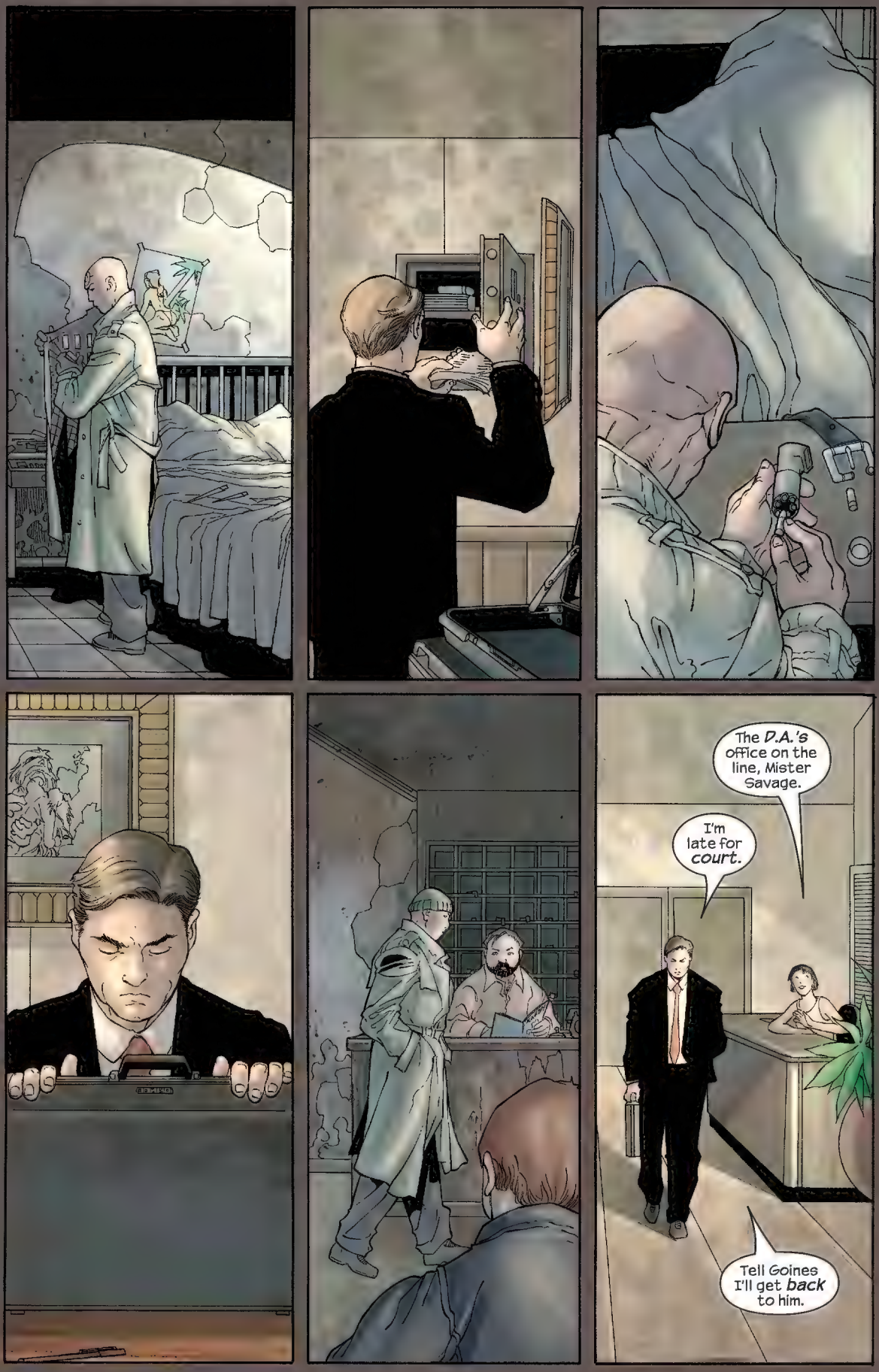
Yes. I hear you.
There's a risk that my man will be searched as he enters the building.
Only if he triggers the metal detector.
Which he won't, because he won't be carrying a gun, right? So, no problem.
Noon. Be there at noon.
BEEP
Give these details to Poindexter.
Tell him to make it ugly.

RAMP CLOSED
Montana plates on that one.
Sure.
And give it some bull bars. Change the profile.
Something I can do for you?
Possibly. Yes.
Thank you.
I'm looking for a man named Poindexter.
I understand that you pass on messages for him.
Well, that's right. We do.
Good. Because I need--
Only it's kind of a private line. Unlisted.
Mr. P., he only takes calls from guys he already knows.

No hard feelings.
KLANNNG

Whoever sent you, man, I'm sending you back in a--
Ooof!
I'm connected! You hear me? I'm connected!
Is that right?
If I pop this Jack you're going to be connected to about eighteen tons of Jeep.
What the hell-- I send you to him you're dead anyway.
The Reyes Plaza Hotel. Room 116.
Choke on it.

BEEP BIP BIP BEEP
Hi. Did you get an address?
Heavy persuasion? Well, you want to be a lawyer, right? It's all good practice.
Okay. I'm almost done.
See you there.


The D.A.'s office on the line, Mister Savage.
I'm late for court.
Tell Goines I'll get back to him.

No heartbeat. No breathing. He's not *here.*
Good.
Let's look for smoking *pistols.*
And blood-stained *account* books.
You *saw* the ledger at Cullen's house, right?
Right. It's about eight inches by *six.* Spiral-bound.
Shouldn't be too hard to *find* in a room this size.
If he didn't just *destroy* it.
Or turn it over to *Fisk.*
Well, then we're *sunk* anyway. Let's take this one crisis at a *time.*

Look at this. Everything still in his *suitcase.*
He hasn't even bothered to *unpack.*
It's a *guy* thing.
Yeah.
I guess it *is.*
Elektra...
What? You *found* it?
No. Something *else.*
Poindexter *wrote* on this pad--then tore off the *sheet.*
Cullen's *name,* and address. A *check* mark. And then--
Oh my God.

STOP
DAILY Bell
BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP
Just a moment, sir.
Could you please step over here.
Is there a problem, officer?
You tripped the metal detector, sir. I think there's some metallic object in your coat pocket.
No. I'm pretty sure there isn't.
Oh, look at that now.
Didn't even know I had them.
Sorry to hold you up, sir. Have a nice day.
Thanks.
I plan to.

Keep the change.
This is a five, man.
It's a twenty. Nice try.
Elektra!
You're armed to the teeth. They'll arrest you at the door.
I'm not going into this empty-handed.
Well, Poindexter had to go through the detectors too.
There are non-metallic weapons. But even with his bare hands, he's a professional, Matt.
We need every edge we can get.
If this gets out of hand--that foyer will be full of innocent people--
There's no time to talk about it.
I'll find my own way in.

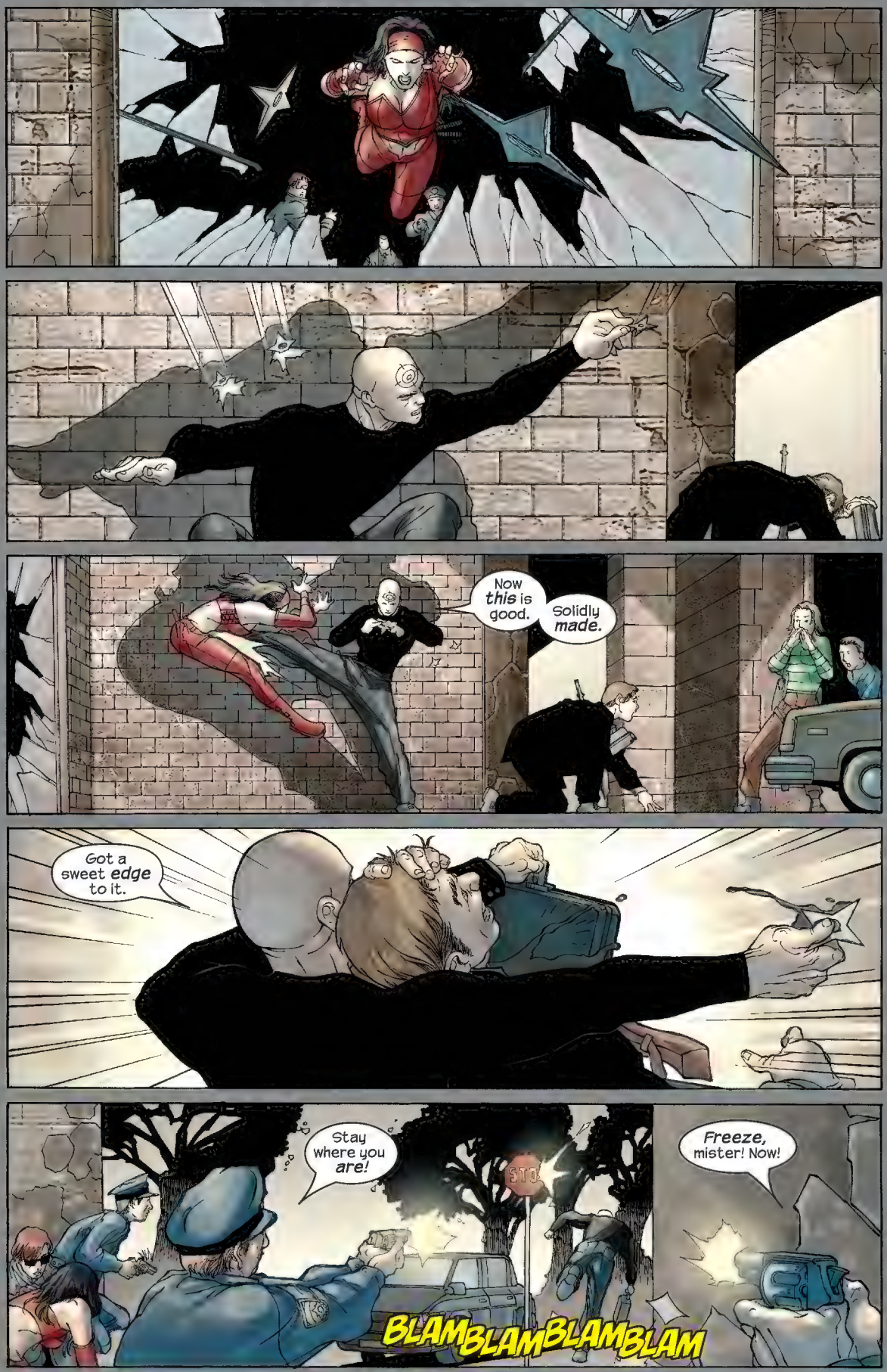
Careful, son. There's a small step just--
Oh, okay, you got it.

Would your name be Savage?
It's about time.
You've got my money?
Get down!
All of you! Get down!

THWUP
THWUP
KRA-TISCH
UHH!
A blind man who fights crime.
I'd register the copyright, if I was you.
There's probably a movie in there somewhere.

Pl--please! I've changed my *mind!*
I'll *burn* the copy! I'll burn it!
UFFF!
Well, I never did believe a *lawyer* could inspire such *love.*
It stirs the *heart.*

KRASCHHH


Now this is good.
Solidly made.
Got a sweet edge to it.
Stay where you are!
Freeze, mister! Now!
BLAMBLAMBLAMBLAM

He's dead. But why? Why kill Cullen's lawyer?
Without the ledger, Cullen's testimony was useless!
Matt--
The lines just diverged.
I'll take it from here.
THWICK
KLUD

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ULTIMATE ELEKTRA

PREVIOUSLY

"DEVIL'S DUE" part 5 of 5

Elektra Natchios is forced to stand by as her father makes a deal with her unscrupulous cousins, Paul and Leander. In exchange for rebuilding the family's destroyed laundromat, the cousins take control of the business and use it to launder the dirty money earned from their criminal activities with Wilson Fisk, the Kingpin of Crime.

But the cousin's accountant, Kenneth Cullen, threatens to take his ledger—which contains records of the crimes committed by the cousins and Fisk—to turn state's evidence. Elektra tries to recover the ledger to clear her father's debt, but Fisk is through playing around. He sends a bullseye-tattooed assassin named Poindexter to gun down Cullen, right in front of Elektra!

Using her martial arts cunning, Elektra escapes. Poindexter phones the police to try to pin the murder on her, but the plan goes awry when the police ignore the visibly shaken Elektra and arrest her father for murder! Fisk's plans take another turn for the worse when Cullen's lawyer, Walter Savage, reveals he has photocopied the ledger and threatens to blackmail the Kingpin himself!

Meanwhile, Elektra's blind ex-boyfriend Matt Murdock, whose enhanced senses let him "see" with radar-accuracy, has begun his own investigation. His trail leads him to Elektra, and the duo resolve to put their differences aside...at least until they can clear the Natchios name.

Elektra and Matt learn that Poindexter is already on his way to kill Savage and take the ledger. The two race to stop him, and in a dramatic confrontation, Savage is killed and Poindexter escapes with the lawyer's briefcase.

But the ledger isn't actually there...Elektra finds the document taped to Savage's chest and terminates her partnership with Matt—by knocking him out! Leaving him at the crime scene, Elektra makes her move to end things...*her way.*

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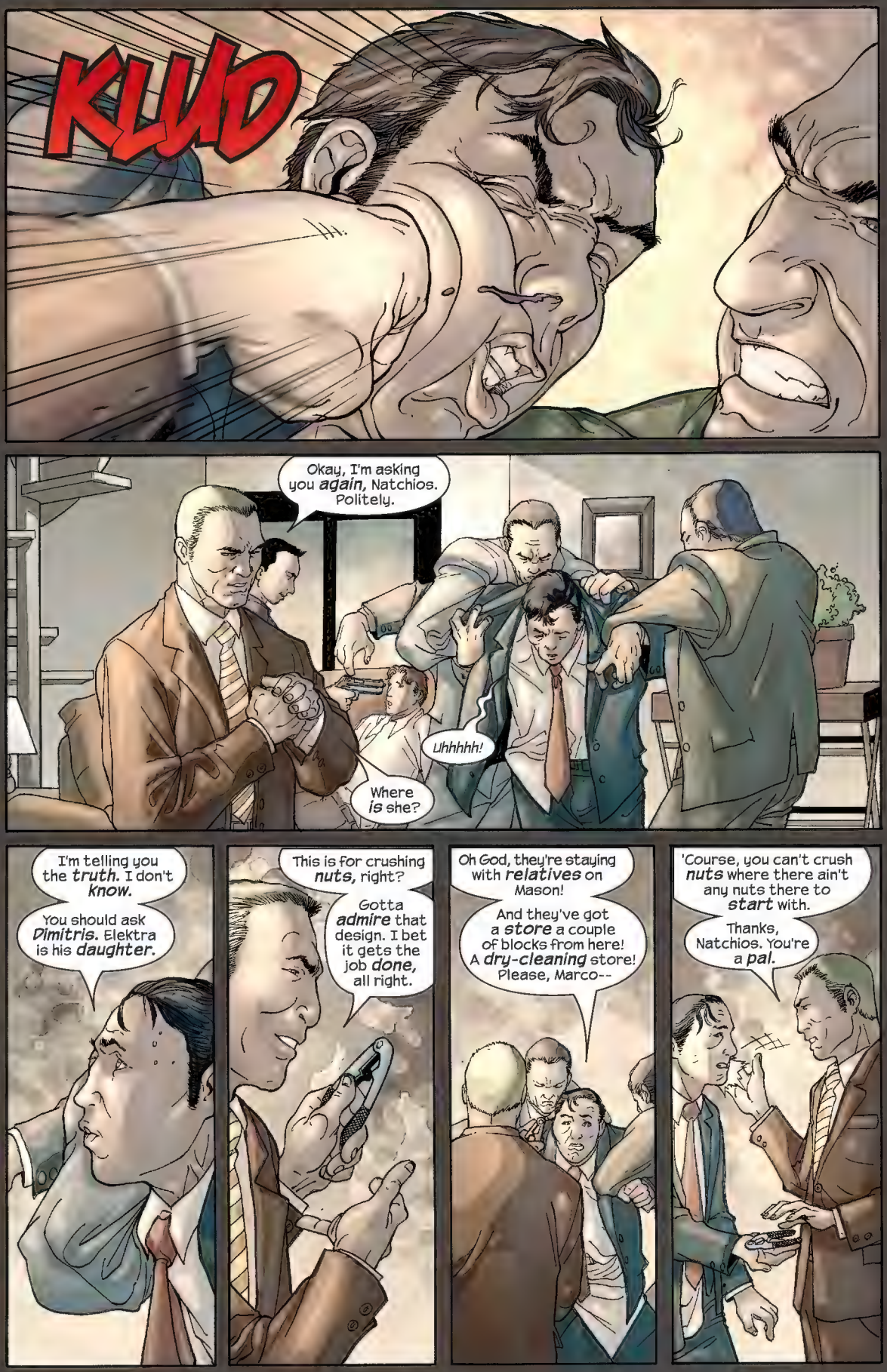
Look very closely.
What do you see?
Nothing.
Absolutely. Nothing.
And why is that, Poindexter?
Look, the cops were on me. The little darlin' with the pitchforks was on me. The blind guy--
I just did the job and got--
You--
--did not--
--do the job.
All of you--except Poindexter--find the girl, and find the ledger.
Begin with Leander Natchios. He's related to her in some way.

FISHKILL CORRECTIONAL FACILITY, STATE OF NEW YORK. JULY 31.
CORRECTIONAL FACILITY AREA
DO NOT PICK UP HITCHHIKERS
"I think family may prove to be the key to this."
Hi, Dad.
Elektra. It's so good to see you.
Are you well?
I'm fine. Dad, I'm really, really sorry about everything that's happened.
I can't believe how badly I've messed everything up.
Elektra, it wasn't you who accepted a loan from Leander and Paul.
But everything since then has been me.
It's my fault you're in here, facing trial for murder.
So it's up to me to put things right.

Elektra, no!
Back in your seat, prisoner.
I forbid it!
You're not to have any more to do with those men.
You'll only sink deeper into their world--until you can't find a way out of it!
I can't let you pay for my mistakes, Dad. I've got something that might make everything okay--
--if I can get it back to where it belongs.
Oh, and I'll be needing some stuff from the store. I hope you don't mind.
Elektra, I said no.
Whatever you're going to do, just--
--leave it.
Before it's too late.


KLUD
Okay, I'm asking you *again*, Natchios. Politely.
Uhhhhh!
Where *is* she?
I'm telling you the *truth*. I don't *know*.
You should ask *Dimitris*. Elektra is his *daughter*.
This is for crushing *nuts*, right?
Gotta *admire* that design. I bet it gets the job *done*, all right.
Oh God, they're staying with *relatives* on Mason!
And they've got a *store* a couple of blocks from here! A *dry-cleaning* store! Please, Marco--
'Course, you can't crush *nuts* where there ain't any nuts there to *start* with.
Thanks, Natchios. You're a *pal*.

NATCHIOS
DRY CLEANING AND ALTERATIONS
PERCHLOROETHYLENE
EXTREMELY TOXIC DO NOT BREATHE

TING A LING
Door was open.
How about that.
Take a good look around.

Man, I'd like to meet the lady left *this* behind.
She'd roll over you like a *tank.*
Yeah, well, you wouldn't hear *me* complaining.
Wouldn't hear *anything* with that kind of insulation.
Anything?
Nada.
But someone's *been* here-- and they left in a *hurry.*
Let's try the *apartment.* You got the address?
Sure.
We can *walk* it from here.

"Thank you for agreeing to see me, Mister Natchios.
"I'm sorry it had to be under such grim circumstances."
I don't want to add to your troubles, but the truth is--I'm worried about Elektra.
I think she may be in trouble.
So--I was wondering--if you've seen her.
If you know where she is right now.
Why are you asking?
And why should I tell you?

Mister Natchios, I *care* about Elektra.
I know her feelings for *me* have changed, but I don't want to see her get *hurt*.
She's an *amazing* woman. She *feels* things very deeply.
But sometimes--if I can put it like this--that can make her *reckless*.
And you--you would *help* her?
On your *honor*? Before God?
I'd *try* to, yes.
Before *God*.
She came here three *hours* ago. She said she was going to put things *right*.
She talked about--giving everything back to its rightful *owners*.
Oh, no.

Incoming.
Yeah, I see her.
Man, is she a long way from home.
This is private property, lady.
You want to tell us who you are and what you're doing here?
Well, my name is Phoebe McAllister.
I'm from Texas--
--and I'm sort of the decoy.

DELACOURT'S
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
UKKKK!

Thanks for the assist, Phoebe.
You'd better get clear now. Fast.
What about you?
I'll be fine.
Go.
TING

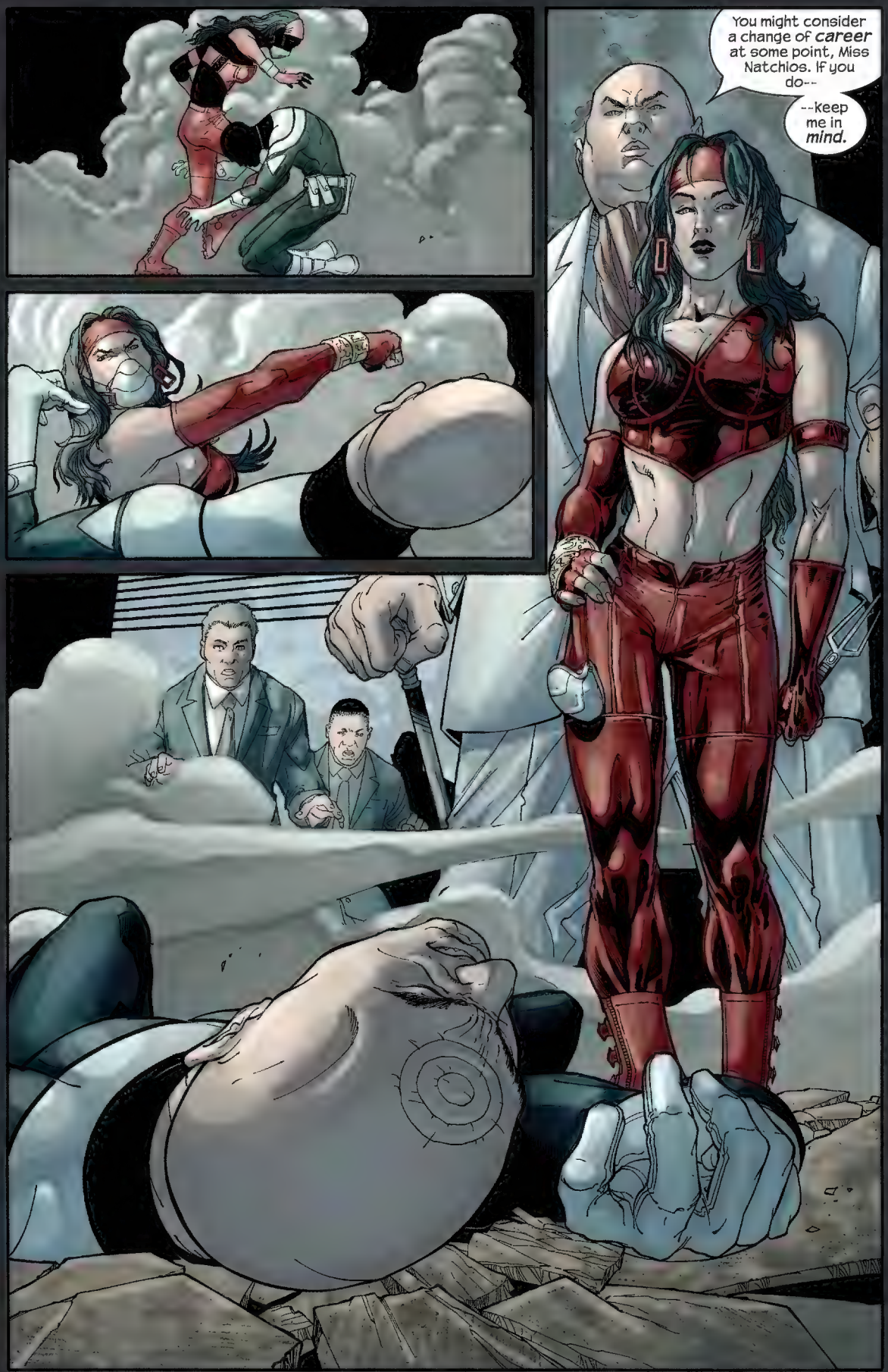
TCHIK
TCHIK
TCHIK
TCHIK
TCHIK
Once people have got *this* far, I usually allow them to state their *case.*
But the *guns* are not acceptable.
I'm Elektra *Natchios.*
I've got something that *belongs* to you--
--so I came here to give it *back.*

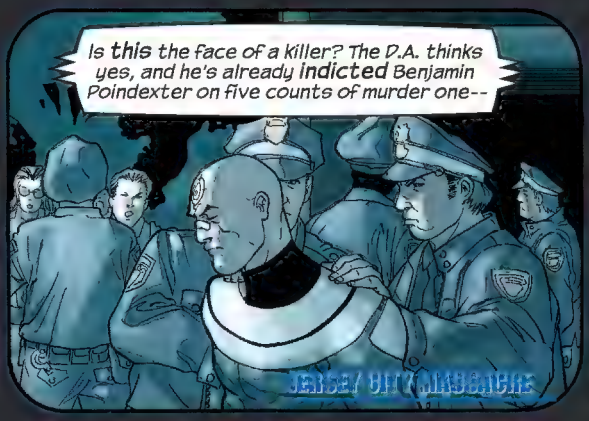
Thank you. But as you said, these were mine already.
As a general rule, the reward for returning stolen property doesn't extend to the thief.
What about the thief who steals from the thief?
Go on.
I took this from a crooked lawyer--a man named Walter Savage.
I thought--maybe you could see this as an opportunity. Since it's only a copy, and looseleaf--
--you could decide which pages the D.A. gets to see.
You could even manufacture a few.
If there are some people you still didn't buy Christmas gifts for.
I admire your entrepreneurial zeal, Miss Natchios.
Thank you.
So--about that reward--

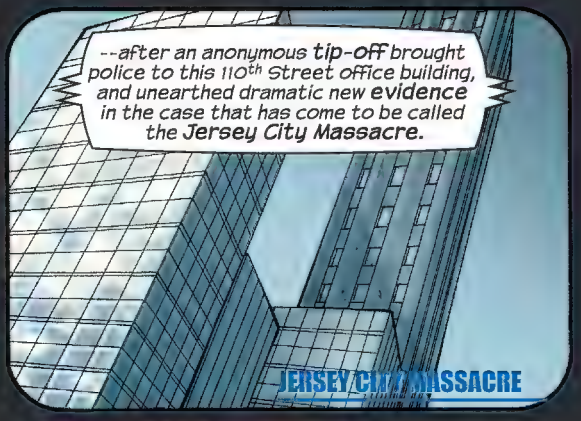
I want my father's page to be one of the ones the police don't see.
And I want you to arrange for the charges against him to be dropped.
The first is easy. The second--possible, but not so easy.
The most convenient outcome would be for Cullen's real killer to be apprehended.
Right here, Mister Fisk. You gonna give me another shot at--?
Oh, will you look at that now.
Mister Poindexter--
--a moment of your time.
I think this reduces itself to letting the best man win.
Unless you have any objections, Miss Natchios?
Only to the phrasing.
It's kind of sexist.

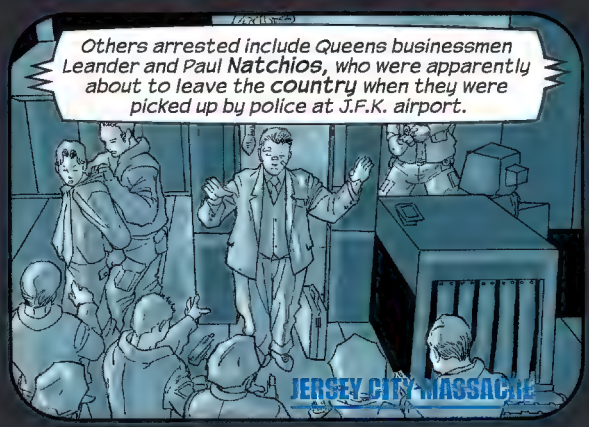
Right.
Ready when *you* are.
I like your *style*, missy. You're fun to *play* with.
But my good *name's* my only treasure.
So I hope you'll not take this *personally*.

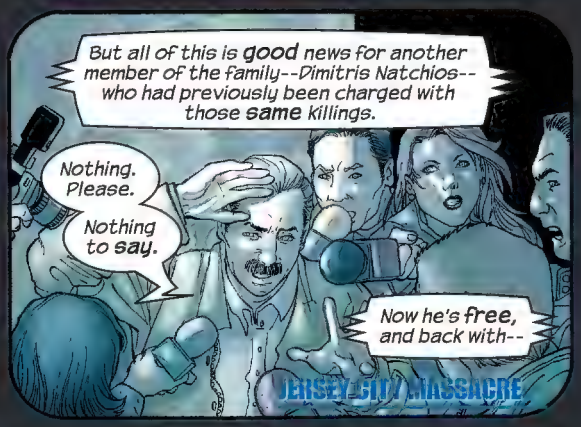
This isn't a fight you can run *out* of, darlin'. Even if there was anywhere to run *to*.
I'll make this *quick*.
Thanks--
That's exactly where I *need* you to be.
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
Kof! Kof!
Hkkkkkk!
Perchloroethylene. Perc. It's a *dry-cleaning* chemical.
I saw what just a *little* of it did to my dad when he didn't *dilute* it enough.
It works on the central *nervous* system, apparently.
Nader is trying to get it *banned*.


You might consider a change of career at some point, Miss Natchios. If you do--
--keep me in mind.


Is this the face of a killer? The D.A. thinks yes, and he's already indicted Benjamin Poindexter on five counts of murder one--
JERSEY CITY MASSACRE


--after an anonymous tip-off brought police to this 110th Street office building, and unearthed dramatic new evidence in the case that has come to be called the Jersey City Massacre.
JERSEY CITY MASSACRE


Others arrested include Queens businessmen Leander and Paul Natchios, who were apparently about to leave the country when they were picked up by police at J.F.K. airport.
JERSEY CITY MASSACRE


But all of this is good news for another member of the family--Dimitris Natchios--who had previously been charged with those same killings.
Nothing. Please.
Nothing to say.
Now he's free, and back with--
JERSEY CITY MASSACRE

CLICK

Hhhhhhhhh
Hai!
TUMP
TUMP
THUD
Do you spend all your evenings hanging around women's gyms, Matt?
I worry about you sometimes.
I worry about you too, Elektra.
Hence my little gift.

After I listened to Cullen's *tapes*--before I *came* to you--
--I went down to *City Hall*. I pulled all the *paperwork* I could find on your dad's store.
The third one down is a deed of *gift*. I doubt your dad *knew* what he was signing.
But he'd made the store over into *Leander's* name--lock, stock and *coat* hangers.
The *murder* charge wouldn't have stuck. Same M.O.--same head shot--in a dozen *other* murders, from here to Chicago.
And with *this*, we could've shown that he wasn't involved in Fisk's *money*-laundering operation.
So whatever deal you *made* with Fisk, you didn't *have* to. You could've done it another way--
--and come away *clean*.
CLICK

END

Sparks are sure to fly when comics' hottest couple is reunited!

Matt Murdock – desperate to see Elektra Natchios again – makes an attempt to contact this mysterious young woman, putting himself squarely in the crosshairs of the biggest crime boss in New York City: Ultimate Kingpin!

Wilson Fisk enters the life of Elektra as well, along with a mystery killer who's right on target. Can the young warrior face this deadly assassin alone? Matt doesn't think so.

Collecting *Ultimate Elektra #1–5*, by award-winning writer Mike Carey and original *Ultimate Daredevil & Elektra* artist Salvador Larroca.

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